

# THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS



No. 274.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1879.

[REGISTERED FOR  
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6½d.



MISS FLORENCE TERRY.



RAILWAYS.

SOUTH - WESTERN RAILWAY.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB RACES SPRING MEETING ON FRIDAY and SATURDAY, 25th and 26th April, 1879.

Frequent Trains between Waterloo, Vauxhall, Hammersmith, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Battersea, and Clapham Junction Stations and ESHER.

CHEAP TRAINS will run from Waterloo Bridge Station, commencing at 8.0 a.m. until 10.0 a.m. inclusive.

Cheap Fares will be charged from Esher after 6.0 p.m. Passengers holding Cheap Return Tickets cannot return till after 6.0 p.m.

Special Trains at Special Fares will run from Waterloo (new station) Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, and Wimbledon Stations after 10 a.m. till 1.0 p.m. Special Fares will also be charged from Esher after the Races up to 6.0 p.m.

Frequent Trains leave Kensington for Clapham Junction, calling at Chelsea, in connection with Trains to Esher.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

NEWMARKET RACES, FIRST SPRING MEETING.

Special Fast Trains, conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class passengers at ordinary fares, will run between CAMBRIDGE and LONDON. On Tuesday, April 29th, Wednesday, April 30th (Two Thousand day), and Friday, May 2nd (One Thousand day), conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class passengers at ordinary fares as under:—

London to Cambridge.		Cambridge to London.	
Tuesday, April 29th, Wednesday, April 30th, and Friday, May 2nd.	a.m.	Wednesday, Friday, April 30th, May 2nd.	p.m.
King's Cross .....	dep. 9.0	Cambridge .....	dep. 6.50
Finsbury Park .....	" 9.8	Finsbury Park, arr. 8.5	" 5.55
Cambridge .....	arr. 10.35	King's Cross .....	" 8.10

\* In connection with a Great Eastern Train from Cambridge at 10.50 a.m. for Newmarket.

\* + In connection with the 6.8 p.m. Ordinary Train, Newmarket to Cambridge, on Wednesday, April 30th, and with the 4.3 p.m. Ordinary Train, Newmarket to Cambridge, on Friday, May 2. Return tickets available for one month. Ordinary trains leave Cambridge at 4.30 and 7.40 p.m., reaching King's Cross at 5.55 and 9.15 p.m. First, Second, and Third Class passengers will also be booked from Cambridge to London by the return trains.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.  
London, King's Cross Station, April, 1879.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—NEWMARKET

RACES.—FIRST SPRING MEETING, 29th April to 2nd May, 1879. 2000 GUINEAS STAKES, WEDNESDAY, 30th April. 1000 GUINEAS STAKES, Friday, 2nd May. FIRST, SECOND, and THIRD CLASS TRAINS will run as under:—

St. Pancras. Liverpool-street.		Newmarket, due.	
dep.	dep.		
7.33 a.m.	6.0 a.m.	9.55 a.m.	
9.30 a.m.	7.35 a.m.	11.22 a.m.	
9.45 a.m.	9.30 a.m. (Special)	11.35 a.m.	
	(Special) 1st Class only	11.45 a.m.	
	(Special) 1st Class only	11.55 a.m.	
10.15 a.m.	10.25 a.m.		
12.3 noon	11.35 a.m. (Express)	2.7 p.m.	
2.35 p.m.	2.32 p.m. (Express)	4.52 p.m.	
5.5 p.m.	5.10 p.m. (Express)	7.40 p.m.	

Returning from Newmarket to Liverpool-street and St. Pancras at 8.4 and 9.0 a.m., 12.30, 4.3, and 6.8 p.m.

On Monday and Tuesday, 28th and 29th April, Special Trains will leave Cambridge for Newmarket on arrival of the 5.5 and 10 p.m. trains from St. Pancras, and the 5.10, 7.30, and 10.2 p.m. trains from Liverpool-street, conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Passengers.

First-class Special Train for Newmarket will leave St. Pancras at 9.45 a.m., and Liverpool-street at 9.55 a.m. on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 29th and 30th April, 1st and 2nd May, and return from Newmarket each day to St. Pancras one hour after the advertised time of the last race and to Liverpool-street one hour and fifteen minutes after the advertised time of the last race.

A First, Second, and Third-class Special Train will leave St. Pancras and Liverpool-street on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 29th and 30th April, and 1st and 2nd May, at 9.30 a.m., for Newmarket, returning from Newmarket at 5.45 p.m. on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and at 4.30 p.m. on Friday.

S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.  
London, April, 1879.

BOMBAY.—ANCHOR LINE: DIRECT ROUTE TO INDIA.

FORTNIGHTLY SAILINGS. First Class Passenger Steamers fitted up expressly for the trade. Qualified Surgeons and Stewards carried.

From Glasgow.		From Liverpool.	
INDIA .....	Saturday, April 26.	Saturday, May 3.	
COLUMBIA .....	Saturday, May 17.	Saturday, May 24.	
Macedonia .....	Saturday, June 7.	Saturday, June 14.	

First Class, 50 Guineas. Sail punctually as advertised. Apply for berths or handbooks to Henderson Brothers, Union-street, Glasgow; and 17, Water-street, Liverpool; J. W. Jones, Chapel Walks, Manchester; Grindlay and Co., 55, Parliament-street, S.W.; or to Henderson Brothers, 19, Leadenhall-street, London, E.C.

ROYAL AQUARIUM, WESTMINSTER.

Open from 11 a.m. till 11 p.m.  
GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT 8.15 and 8.15.  
BLONDIN 5.30 and 10.30.  
VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT 7.45.  
Admission One Shilling.

ROYAL AQUARIUM IMPERIAL THEATRE.—Manager, Miss Litton. Every afternoon at Three, the celebrated VOKES FAMILY (special entertainment). THE ROUGH DIAMOND, followed by FUN IN A FOG. Every night at 7.30, SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER; Mrs. Stirling, Miss Meyrick, and Miss Litton; Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. C. H. Morton, Mr. E. F. Edgar, Mr. H. Pitt, and full company. To be followed by new burlesque "LADY OF LYONS," Miss Lydia Thompson (specially engaged), Mr. Lionel Brough, &c.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM. Now

on View, a fine PORPOISE. The only living specimen in captivity. Sea Lions, with young one. Alligators and Crocodiles in their new cavern. Living Birds, and by far the largest collection of fishes in the world. New Terrace Garden and Promenade, the most elegant in the Kingdom. G. REEVES SMITH, General Manager.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EAST-TIDE ENTERTAINMENT of the

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS HAS AGAIN PROVED THE MOST SUCCESSFUL

Amidst the Contemporary Amusements of the Metropolis. VIDE THE NOTICES WHICH APPEARED IN EVERY DAILY PAPER OF TUESDAY, APRIL 15th.

It will consequently be repeated throughout the month of April EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, and on

MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS } at 3 and 8.

Places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, without extra charge. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area (raised and cushioned seats), 2s.; Gallery (the most comfortable in London), 1s. Doors open for Day Performances at 2.30, and for the Evening Performances at 7.30. No fees. No charge for Programme.

NEW AND STARTLING ILLUSION AT

THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, Invented and Patented by Professor PEPPER and JAMES J. WALKER. Living forms walk bodily out of blank space, change into other shapes, and vanish into thin air. This is Metempsychosis, exhibited at 3 and 8.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

"GRIMSTONE GRANGE," a Tale of the Last Century. By Gilbert and Arthur A. Beckett. Concluding with OUR CALICO BALL, a new Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8. Morning performances, Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, Regent's Park, are OPEN Daily (except Sundays) from 9.0 a.m. to Sunset. Admission 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d. Amongst the most recent additions are an equine antelope and a yak presented by the Hon. Sir Ashley Eden, K.C.S.I., Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. The Picture Gallery is Now Open.

THEATRES

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

ELLEN; or, LOVE'S CUNNING, a new and original comedy-drama, in five acts, written by W. G. Wills, Esq., author of "Olivia," "Jane Shore," &c., &c. Stephen McCall, Mr. Howe; Walter North, Mr. W. Terris; Thomas Pye, Mr. Charles Kelly; Abbe Plaque, Mr. G. W. Anson; Andrew, Mr. Norman Forbes; Major Dale, Mr. Weatherly, Mr. Stubbs. Miss Osborne, Mrs. Brock, Miss E. Harrison, Mrs. Freer, Miss J. Roselle. Box-office open 10 to 5. Doors open 7.30; commence at 8.

LYCEUM.—LADY OF LYONS.—MR. IRVING

respectfully announces that in response to the expressions of enthusiasm and delight with which the public has received the representation of THE LADY OF LYONS at the Lyceum Theatre, it will be repeated at 8.15 every evening (excepting Wednesday, when HAMLET will be performed).—LYCEUM.

LYCEUM. LADY OF LYONS every evening

except Wednesday. "Never perhaps since the play was presented by Macready and Miss Faucit has a performance of THE LADY OF LYONS attracted greater interest or begotten more enthusiasm than that given last night at the Lyceum.—Morning Post, April 18.—LYCEUM.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—THE WOMAN OF

THE PEOPLE, EVERY EVENING. Doors open at 7.15. THE WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE at 7.45. MORNING PERFORMANCE on SATURDAY NEXT.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. B.

WEBSTER. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTIL.—Every Evening at 8, THE HUNCHBACK. Miss Neilson on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays; Miss Bella Pateman on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Miss Lydia Foote, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. C. Harcourt, Flockton, R. Pateman, E. J. George, F. Charles, Bernard, and Mr. Henry Neville. Preceded by A KISS IN THE DARK, and WHO SPEAKS FIRST.—Doors open at 6.30, commence at 7. Box-office open 10 to 5. No booking fees.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—Sole

Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD. First nights of a new Burlesque, by Byron, called PRETTY ESMERALDA and CAPTAIN PHOEBOUS OF OURS, whole Gaiety Company, at 9.15. Preceded at 6.45 by Opetta, and at 7.15 by UNCLE, Byron's successful comedy. Open 6.30. Close 11. Prices from 6d. No Fees. Afternoon performances every Saturday, 2 to 5.

OPERA COMIQUE.

H.M.S. PINAFORE.—Every evening, this successful nautical opera, by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, by the original artists: Messrs. G. Grossmith, R. Barrington, R. Temple, Clifton, and G. Power; Mesdames Alice Burville, Everard, and Jessie Bond, at 8.30. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Cellier. Preceded, at 7.45, by CUPS and SAUCERS, Mr. G. Grossmith, and followed by the new Vaudeville, AFTER ALL, by F. Desprez, music by A. Cellier. Morning Performance every Saturday at 2.30.—R. D'Oyly Carte, Manager.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr.

EDGAR BRUCE. Every evening at 8, CRUTCH AND TOOTH-PICK, by Geo. R. Sims, and the Musical Folly, THE ZOO, by Bolton Rowe and Arthur Sullivan. Preceded at 7.30 by MAD AS A MARCH HARE. Mesdames Lottie Venne, Rose Cullen, Viola Dacre, Julia Warden, Hastings. Messrs. Edgar Bruce, C. Groves, Lytton Sothorn, Esmond, Saker, W. S. Penley, Desmond, &c.; and a chorus of 40. Conductor, Mr. E. Solomon (by permission of Mr. Charles Wyndham. No booking fees.—Acting Manager, Mr. Augustus Harris.

CRITERION THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM. Every Evening at 9, the enormously successful comedy, TRUTH, by Bronson Howard, in which Mr. Charles Wyndham will appear, supported by Messrs. H. Standing, Carton, and W. J. Hill; Mesdames L. Vinning, M. Rorke, A. Della, E. Vining, R. Egan, N. Phillips, and Mrs. Stephens. Preceded at 7.30 by MEG'S DIVERSION, by H. T. Craven. Supported by Messrs. Carton, Francis, Tritton, White, and Geo. Giddens; Mesdames Hewitt, Edgeworth, and M. Rorke. New scenery by Ryan. Musical Director, Mr. E. Solomon. Box-office open from 10 till 5. No booking fees. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30.—Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.

Managers.—HOLT and WILMOT. NEW BABYLON, by Paul Meritt. Everyone should see Tattersall's, Cremorne, Goodwood, and the Collision at Sea. Miss Caroline Hill and double Company. Magnificent scenery by Thomas Rogers. Four extra rows of Stalls have been added. Acting Manager, Mr. J. W. Curran.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Every

Evening at 7.30. ONCE AGAIN; 8, an original modern Comedy in three acts, entitled THE GIRLS, by Henry J. Byron. Concluding with A HIGHLAND FLING. Supported by Messrs. William Farnen, Thomas Thorne, Garthorne, Bradbury, Austin, Hargreaves, and David James; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.

Mr. HARE, Lessee and Manager. Every Evening, at 7.45, COUSIN DICK. Mesdames Kate Pattison, C. Graham, M. Wenman. Punctually at 8.15, THE LADIES' BATTLE, Mrs. Kendal, Miss C. Grahame, Mr. Kendal, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Chevalier, and Mr. Hare. Concluding with UNCLE'S WILL. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Doors open at 7.15. Box-office hours 11 to 5. Acting Manager—Mr. Huy.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH. Grand Revival (105th night) of Charles Reade's IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. Every Evening at 7.45. Preceded by FAMILY JARS, at 7.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—

LA POULE AUX ŒUFS D'OR.—EVERY EVENING, Mesdames Adelaide Newton and Constance Loseby. Messrs. Collini, A. Cook, L. Kelleher, C. Power, Mat Robson, and E. Righton. The Marvellous Girards. Three Grand Ballets, Mdles. Gellert, Rosa, and Signora Malvena Carallazzi. Prices from 6d. to £2 12s. 6d. Commence at 7.30. Last Week.

FOLLY THEATRE, under the Management of

Madame DOLARO.—The performances commence at 7.30 with a new Farce by B. H. Hilton, entitled HEAVY FATHERS. Mr. H. Nicholls, Miss Minnie Marshall, &c. Followed at 8.30 by the highly-successful Opera Comique, THE DRAGONS, being the English version, adapted by Henry Hersee, of "Les Dragons de Villars," by Maillart, represented by Messrs. H. C. Celli, C. J. Campbell, F. Leslie, J. Lynde, W. Mackenzie, Howard; Miss Alma Stanley, Madame Dolaro, &c.—Box-office open daily from 11 to 5. Acting Manager, Mr. Samuel Hayes.

FOLLY THEATRE.—M. MARIUS is engaged by

Madame Dolaro, and will appear at her Theatre at the expiration of his present engagement, which terminates with this season.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate. Immense success of the great Olympic drama, THE TWO ORPHANS. Monday and following evenings at 7.15, THE TWO ORPHANS. Miss Emstone and Mrs. Huntley, in their original characters of Henriette and La Frochard; Misses de Solla, Alice Rayner, Goward, and Brunton; Messrs. Chamberlain, Percival, Walton, Gardiner, Brunton, Heard, and Frank Huntley. Scenery by Mr. Richard Douglass.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE.

Proprietor, T. G. CLARK. On Monday April 28th, and during the week, will be produced a new and original drama in three acts, by Edward Stirling, entitled KING GEORGE'S SHILLING. Messrs. James, Sennett, Parker, Monkhouse, Vincent, Herman, &c. Mesdames Verner, Victor, Denvil, &c. Conclude with TOT, OR, LOVE AND LIFE. Messrs. Dobell, Shepherd, Syme, Grant &c.; Mesdames A. Thomas, Inch, &c. Dancing on the illuminated platform in the grounds.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. Spry.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.

Sole Proprietress—Mrs. S. LANE. Every Evening at a quarter to seven, the very successful Fantastical Drama, by E. Manuel, Esq., entitled, THE RABBIT'S SON, or THE LAST LINK OF THE CHAIN, Messrs. J. B. Howe, Reynolds, Newboud, Drayton, Towers, Hyde. Mdles. Adams, Bellair, Rayner, Newham. Followed by the Brothers Mortimer, Vocal Burlesque and Satirical Artists. Concluding with CONFIDENCE. Messrs. Evans, Charlton, Reeve, Bigwood, Lewis, Payne, Pitt, Mills; Mdles. Brewer, Summers, and Pettifer.

EVANS'S,

COVENT GARDEN.

OPEN AT EIGHT.

Glees, Choruses, Madrigals and Part Songs by EVANS'S CHOIR Conducted by Mr. F. JONGHMANS.

The body of the Hall is reserved exclusively for Gentlemen.

SUPPERS AFTER THE THEATRES.

ADMISSION 2s.

Proprietor ... .. J. B. AMOR.

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Next week's ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain amongst other high-class engravings the following:—A Portrait of Miss Florence St. John, of the Strand Theatre—The City and Suburban, by J. Sturges—Humours of the Past Month—Scene from the *Lady of Lyons* at the Lyceum Theatre—The International at Sandown—Sketches by Our Captious Critic—The Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon—Exhibitions of Painters in Water-colours—The People's Tribute to Earl Beaconsfield—Trot Fishing, &c.

CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES.—

Under Royal Patronage.—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT at 8. PATIN PARADISE at 9. An entirely new Hibernian Sketch, in which Miss Nelly Power will appear, supported by Mdles. Ada, Broughton, Powell, and the Corps de Ballet.—Prices 6d. to £2 2s.

CANTERBURY.—MARQUEZ DE GONZA

TROUPE at 10.30. The Grandest Gymnasts the world has ever seen. The sensation of Paris, and patronised by three millions of people at the Hippodrome during the Exhibition.

ROYAL GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND.—

A SPECIAL PERFORMANCE will take place on THURSDAY AFTERNOON Next, May 1, 1879, at the THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET (which has been most generously given by J. S. Clarke, Esq.), in order to recruit the finances of this fund, when a new drama, in four acts (adapted from the French by Sir Charles Young), will be played, entitled INFATUATION. Characters by Sir William Wiseman, Bart., Sir Charles Young, Bart., Captain Fitzgeorge, Mr. Gerald Young, Mr. Jos Maclean, and Mr. C. P. Colnaghi; Mrs. Monckton, Miss Lucy Williams, and the Little Adie Blanche. Box-office open daily, where seats may be booked, and also at the various libraries.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN'S Annual Tour

of England, Scotland, and Ireland. "SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL PERFORMANCES," at STRATFORD-ON-AVON, from APRIL 23rd to MAY 3rd. Theatre Royal Hull, and Grand Opera House, Leeds, to follow. Business Manager, T. S. AMORY.

THE LATE MR. PHELPS, as "DR.

CANTWELL," drawn from life by Matt. Stretch. A few proof copies on plate paper may be had, price One Shilling each, by post 1s. 1d. Apply to the Publisher, 248, Strand, London.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Dr. CARVER, the GREAT

AMERICAN MARKSMAN and CHAMPION RIFLE SHOT of the WORLD, is now exhibiting his Marvellous Rifle Shooting DAILY, at Two and Half-past Five. For full descriptions of Dr. Carver's wonderful feats see the *Field of March 29th*, *Bell's Life of March 30th*, and *Sportsman of March 26th*:—"What will be thought of a man using a rifle as a shot gun, and consequently reducing his killing circle to the size of the bullet, who, without aligning the sights, but simply by marvellous obedience of hand to eye, hits a moving object 18 times out of twenty? ... In spite of wind and snow he broke 89 glass balls out of 100 ... He smashed 50 in 1 min 52 sec. ... He hit 11 halfpennies out of 13. ... The public will have opportunities in the Crystal Palace grounds of judging of the merits of this most marvellous man."—*Field*, March 29th. "Hitting a flying glass ball with a bullet is an immensely more difficult achievement than shattering it with a heavy charge of shot. ... So surely as the coins soared aloft were they drilled through with bullets. ... Assuredly such consummate skill was never before displayed in England, or perhaps anywhere else."—*Sportsman*, March 26th. "He went through a most extraordinary performance. It is 10 to 1 on his hitting with a rifle ball a small coin of the realm when thrown in the air. Rapid firing is his particular study. He maintained an almost continuous stream of fire. Numerous exhibitions of wonderful skill were given."—*Bell's Life*, March 30th.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall-mall.—The

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the contributions of artists of the Continental Schools, including Corrodi's 23 Views of Cyprus. NOW OPEN. Admission 1s.

MR. STEDMAN'S MUSICAL AGENCY

(Established for the transaction of all Musical Business, Professional and General), 12, BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.

TO CONCERT-GIVERS AND ENTREPRENEURS GENERALLY.

MR. STEDMAN begs to inform Proprietors of the Concerts, Secretaries of Institutions, and Entrepreneurs generally, that he is prepared to arrange for large or small parties of artists of all positions in the profession, and for Concert Tours. All details of management undertaken without the slightest trouble to those favouring Mr. Stedman with their wishes. Terms upon application.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHOIRS.

MR. STEDMAN is prepared to provide CHOIRS and ORCHESTRAS for the performance of Oratorios and Cantatas.

MR. STEDMAN will be happy to advise his clients upon all professional matters, confidential or otherwise, either by letter or personally, by previous appointment, at his Offices, 12, Berners-street, London, W.

CHURCH FESTIVALS.—Mr. STEDMAN is

prepared to make engagements with Choirmen and Choristers, and to conduct all necessary arrangements connected with Church Festivals, either in London or the country. Solo Choir Boys can always be supplied at short notice.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Original Pictures, Drawings & Sketches,

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## SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA,

Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.  
Guaranteed pure Soluble Cocoa of the Finest Quality,  
with the excess of fat extracted.

THE FACULTY pronounce it "the most nutritious, perfectly digestible beverage for Breakfast, Luncheon, or Supper, and invaluable for Invalids and Children." Highly commended by the entire Medical Press.  
Being without Sugar, Spice, or other admixture, it suits all palates, keeps better in all climates, and is four times the strength of Cocoas thickened yet weakened with Starch, &c., and really cheaper. Made with boiling water, a teaspoonful to a Breakfast Cup, costing less than a halfpenny. In tin packets at 1s. 6d., 3s., 5s. 6d., &c. By Chemists and Grocers.

### Cocoatina a la Vanille

Is the most delicate, digestible, cheapest Vanilla Chocolate, and may be taken when richer chocolate is prohibited.

H. SCHWEITZER and Co., 10, Adam-street, Adelphi, W.C.

## THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1879.

### CIRCULAR NOTES.

I CERTAINLY thought that the correspondence on the subject of "Foxes in Trees" was effectually decided. Many scores of letters have been received from sportsmen and others who have frequently seen foxes high in the branches of many trees, and several of these letters have been published. His Grace the Duke of Beaufort amongst others was good enough to write his experiences, which were to the effect that he had seen on an average twenty foxes in trees every year for the last forty years. "Common Sense," however, will not be convinced, and I cannot resist the temptation of giving his letter. Perhaps if he had read the communications of those whose experience is opposed to his theory he would be less confident.

SOME kind friend has sent me a pamphlet showing how anybody who plays at Monte Carlo must (he says) infallibly make a large fortune, and the compiler hopes to be "remembered" when the said fortune is made. I have heard of one or two infallible systems before, but owing to some wildly improbable and entirely unprecedented combination—which invariably takes place—there has been a slip between the croupier's *rouleaux* and the player's pocket. The best system was one tried at Homburg before the suppression of the play there. The story will be new to the majority of readers, though I am not sure that it would pay at Monte Carlo. The proprietors of the Kursaal were extremely anxious that if any person thought proper to blow out his brains there it should be attributed to the pangs of despised love or any other cause than the loss of money at the gaming tables. The circumstance that one suicide had his pockets entirely empty was commented on, and when the next speculator shot himself care was taken by the attendants that a substantial sum in gold should be found in his pockets. Of course it was argued, therefore, that ill-luck or false judgment at the table could not have occasioned the catastrophe. A short time after the affair had been investigated a shot was heard in a deserted room. The attendants rushed in, and were horrified to find a wretched creature with a wound on his forehead just expiring. They ran to the authorities, returned, hastily thrust a large handful of gold and notes into the pocket of the deceased, convinced that the suicide could not be attributed to loss at play. The alarm was then given; but when a horror-stricken group entered the room they found it deserted by all but themselves. The "corpse" had retired with the spoil.

In his "Guide to Training and Horse Management in India," Captain Horace Hayes gives some information which will probably be new and interesting to the majority of English readers. Two-year-olds can run if they choose, but no allowance of weight is made for them in India, nor is any allowance made to three-year-olds when the course is longer than two miles and a half; although there is no law to prevent their running for three or four mile races. English, country-bred, and Arab horses take their age, as in this country, from the 1st of January; Australian and Cape horses date theirs from the 1st of August. An Australian three-year-old gives an English three-year-old 11b. over a mile and a half in June, but the weights of course alter in August. While an English four-year-old gives an Australian horse of the same age 8lbs., an English three-year-old gives an Arab of the same age no less than 4lb., and it appears that often the English horse carries more than double its opponent's weight. The old fiction as to an Arab being able to beat an English thoroughbred over a long course, though the English horse might pull through at half a mile, is long since exploded. Sir Seymour Blane's famous Arab, Nancy, was supposed to be invincible, and practically was so against Arabs; but it cut a very poor figure in this country; and, on the other hand, a plater called Vanderdecken was sent out to India a few years ago, and swept the board. The compilers of weights are fully aware of the real state of the case, and while an English four-year-old only gives an Arabian 3st. 10lbs. over half a mile, he gives him 5st. 5lb. over four miles.

I CUT this sporting story from an evening contemporary:—"An American journal called *Forest and Stream* gives some particulars of a young English lady who ought certainly to be well known, but is not easy of identification. 'In a certain London boarding-house, not far from Regent's Park,' this journal says, 'the guest who comes in late at night will sometimes see a side-saddle lying on the

floor in the lower hall. Usually it has disappeared before he is down in the morning. If not, a finely-formed, healthy young Englishwoman will be one of the Anglo-American company that gathers at the breakfast-table. She is its owner. This boarding-house is her home.' So far all is well. The saddle-room would, perhaps, be a better place for the saddle than the 'lower hall,' and why this should be particularised, when there can hardly be an upper hall to a house, does not appear. It is what comes afterwards that is surprising. The young lady is a jockey; and it is hinted that she usually figures in the St. Leger. Riding horses at races and sales is her occupation, and she finds employment from one end of England to the other. 'One morning,' we are told, 'she is off to cab, her saddle beside her, for a horse market in the east of London. The next, perhaps, she is hurrying from her early breakfast to take the train at King's Cross for Doncaster. There is no horse so vicious that she hesitates to mount him. He may fall with her; he cannot throw her. She is sent for to ride horses that men dare not nor will not; horses that have killed their riders more than once—not, we venture to presume, the same rider?—and that will do their best to kill her.' But she has a reputation for this sort of thing, and cannot afford to lose it; for although of high birth, and well educated, her talent as a jockey is her sole support. 'One night she comes home bruised and weak—her horse fell on her to-day. Another, her face flushes with satisfaction as she tells her kind friend, the landlady, that her horse won the race.' We can only remark that if this is the story she tells the landlady when she comes home flushed with satisfaction, she must be making fun of that possibly kind, but certainly credulous, person."

I AM sorry to be unable to find room for the letters of correspondents on "Kickers in the Hunting-field," but a discussion on the subject is in progress elsewhere, and what space there is for correspondence has been disposed of. "Possum" has what he considers an admirable recipe for escaping injury from kickers. "Keep out of the range of hind legs in general and in particular," he suggests; but there are few to whom this idea is practicable. Even a first-flight man who is accustomed to take a line of his own must sometimes pass through a gate with the crowd, especially in going from covert to covert, or down a lane occasionally. The methods by which men strive to indicate that they are on kickers are very various. A white hat, a coloured hat-band, a plaited tail, a horseshoe sewn on to the coat, a badge round the arm, or over one shoulder, and other means of distinction are adopted in different places; but any unusual point in a costume that is likely to draw attention to the wearer is generally sufficient to suggest the caution, "ware heels." It usually happens, too, that a man mounted on a dangerous horse will himself exercise particular care that it does no harm. If some special mark were adopted all over the country it would be a good thing, no doubt; but the difficulty of causing its adoption is considerable. After all, few men or horses get kicked in the course of a season, and as a very general rule the sufferers—the mounted sufferers, that is to say—bring themselves to grief by pushing and squeezing into dangerous places.

RAPIER.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### BIG JUMPS.

(To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—As an answer to "Inquirer," I can give him three instances of big jumps; the first of a steeplechase horse, Ace of Spades, who when running at North Walsham, jumped 34 feet 6 inches over the water; the second, a horse called King Tom, who while being ridden to judge a course, cleared 31 feet; and the third of a horse called Tichborne, who while being ridden over hurdles, cleared 33 feet. The first horse I bought afterwards. The other two were my property at the time, and were ridden by me in the presence of several witnesses, who measured the jumps with a proper measuring tape.—I beg to remain, yours, &c.,

A. A. STEWARD.

April 21, 1879.

SIR,—"Rapiér" says, in last week's issue, that he once wrote an account of Flying Childers' (? Chandler's) jump in a popular magazine. I do not know whether that magazine was *London Society*, but in the number for April, 1874, at the conclusion of an article headed "Round About Leamington," I find an account of Chandler's jump, and in case it may be new to you, I copy it:—

"It was at the Warwick steeplechases that old Chandler made that wonderful jump—the biggest ever known; and a little story was told me about the event. The horse belonged to the father-in-law of W—, my informant, and he used to ride it sometimes with the North Warwickshire hounds. One day Lord S— called at the farm, where he occasionally bought a horse, and asked if there was anything good for sale. W— brought out the Chandler, and the poor animal was made the butt of a choice collection of jokes by Lord S— and his friends. W— assured them that the horse could jump; but Lord S— replied: 'That beast jump? Absurd! I wouldn't have such an ugly fiddle-headed brute in my stable.' So he was led back to his native stall. Lord S—, who was very anxious to win the big event at Warwick, had backed his horse heavily, and was confident of success; and for some time after the start his hopes seemed likely to be realised. Rain had swollen the brook very considerably, however; and, as the going was proportionately heavy, a good deal of trouble was experienced at the water. Lord S—'s horse would not have it, others refused, when old Chandler, splendidly handled by Captain L—, came down to the stream, and with a superb rush and a magnificent effort, cleared fairly thirty-nine feet. 'Impossible,' you exclaim, of course—every one does who was not there; but it seems to be well-authenticated by many witnesses. Lord S— was wonder-struck. 'In the name of all that's miraculous, what horse is that?' he asked. 'It's the ugly fiddle-headed brute that you wouldn't have in your stable, my lord,' said W—, who was standing near. Old Chandler won easily, and W— tries to persuade me that the water itself was thirty-nine feet, and the horse cleared more from hoof to hoof; and really knowing what fourteen feet of water is in the hunting-field, from personal investigation—not to say immersion—I can't see that a foot more or less matters. Thirty-nine is the recorded distance, however, as authorities will tell you."

Trusting that this may prove authentic, and be of service to "Inquirer," I am, sir, yours truly,  
F. B. W.  
("F. B. W." has quoted the article to which I referred, and which I myself contributed to *London Society*. As stated last

week, some one was good enough to write and correct some minor details—I forget which. I had the story on good authority, however, and fancy it is true in the main. By a slip of the pen, led astray by "Inquirer," I last week wrote "Flying Childers" for "Chandler.")  
RAPIER.

SIR,—With the North Staffordshire hounds some years ago, during Mr. Henry Davenport's mastership, I saw a horse clear a distance, over a hedge and ditch, which was afterwards measured and found to be 27 feet. I forget—if I ever knew—the rider's name, but have a strong impression that the horse was called "The Sheep." In comparison to Chandler's jump this is small, but when a field comes to five-and-twenty feet of water in the hunting-field, I have noticed that it is not cheerfully ridden at with one consent.—Yours faithfully,

WHITMORE.

[We are compelled to hold over letters on this subject, but shall be glad of more authenticated instances.—Ed. I. S. & D. N.]

#### FOXES IN TREES.

DEAR SIR,—I have read a lot of twaddle about foxes in trees in the last few issues of your, of course, valuable paper. I have not read the Duke of Beaufort's letter on the subject, nor have I time to refer to it, but I cannot resist pointing out to you that any man who has the least smattering of natural history, and still more of anatomy, and the formation of animals' limbs, must know that the fox is not a climbing animal. It might jump on some old decayed stump to bask in the sun, but to climb a tree, from the formation of its feet, is simply an impossibility; a dog would have quite as good a chance, and I never yet heard of a climbing dog. That the accidental or, perhaps, more properly speaking, the occasional, finding of a fox on some old decayed stump of a tree on which he could easily jump, perhaps to avoid family connections and bothers, and quietly have a snooze, is to be construed into a faculty for climbing trees, is absurd. I think we have a very high authority for accepting it as a fact that "foxes have holes," and these I take it are under ground.

COMMON SENSE.

April 19th, 1879.

P.S.—Have you ever heard of the fly in the amber.—C.S.

#### TAKING THE STAG.

The "carted deer," as often happens, has finished the run in a pond, and the whips have the not very agreeable task of fetching him out again while the huntsman keeps off his hounds. After the heat of the chase the deer no doubt finds the water cool and pleasant even in winter, for his coat dries a good deal more quickly than do the clothes of his pursuers. But a ducking is one of the incidents for which the whip to a pack of stag-hounds must be prepared. If he follows the "illegitimate sport" he is necessarily compelled to put up with the consequences; and, moreover, if a stag does take to the water he is usually captured more easily than on dry land, while it is not so difficult to keep the hounds from injuring him. The "tame stag" is not nearly so tame as inexperienced people imagine, even after a hard run, and frequently makes a sturdy fight for it before consenting to take his place in the van.

#### RUY BLAS.

*Ruy Blas* was performed for the first time on the 8th November, 1838, in the Salle Ventadour. It was reproduced in 1841 at the Porte St. Martin, and was subsequently played with great success at the Odéon in 1872, and has recently been brought out at the Théâtre Français.

#### HUNTING IN SPAIN WITH THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

We cannot, perhaps, do better, by way of illustrating the clever sketch on another page, than quote from the fifth Duke of Richmond's "Memoir," published by Chapman and Hall in 1862, an account of certain sporting doings of Wellington's in Spain during the war with France, when the British army was enjoying a brief well-earned rest after taking Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, and Salamanca.

The head-quarters were then in the vicinity of Frenada, which "was admirably suited to satisfy the sporting tastes of the officers; and as it was well stocked with woodcock, snipe, rabbits, and hares, there was plenty of employment for their guns. The village itself was in a terrible state of dirt and decay, containing hardly any good houses, and provisions were at famine prices. Sadder still, the place was most unhealthy. Unable to give his officers any better occupation, Wellington kept up for them a pack of sixteen couples of fox-hounds; and although, in the absence of a regular huntsman, the hounds were over-ridden, and the foxes regularly mobbed to death, master and men secured their object in a healthy gallop which set fever at defiance. In addition, Sir Robert Kennedy, the commissary-general, kept some greyhounds, while the Captain Mor, the great man of the town, had a mongrel pack of a dozen or more terriers, which, under the supervision of an old poacher, and by the aid of sundry ferrets, afforded much amusement, and, moreover, supplied regimental messes with rabbits. Wellington was so thorough a fox-hunter that he never allowed heat, wet, or cold to interfere with the sport on the three days which he devoted to the 'noble science.' Of course, when the Chief gave such an example, his staff wished to be well mounted, and every officer who had rich relatives, or ample means of his own, was careful to procure good hunters from England. Lord March had been very fortunate in this respect, for he had brought out with him three as clever horses as ever stepped. One, a chestnut, carried him at Busaco and was named after that battle; it was the *beau idéal* of a charger, quiet, active, fast, and a good jumper. The others were equally up to their work, and required to be so for their owner to be able to carry on his staff duties with satisfaction to his employer or safety to himself. As showing the value of a good horse, we will quote the story of Colonel Waters' memorable escape. The colonel, who belonged to the Adjutant-General's Department, also held the important office of earth-stopper to the headquarter hounds. In this capacity we fancy that Wellington valued him more than in the former, if we may judge from a passage in a letter to General Stewart:—"Goodman is now doing the duty of the office, poor Waters being very ill. Goodman does the business remarkably well, but I hope we shall soon have Waters again, particularly as the hunting season is coming on apace. The hounds are on the road, and I shall want Waters for the earth-stopping business, if not for that of the A.G. He has been very near dying, poor fellow! and, what is worse, I hear he has lost all his dogs, including Sevilla." Colonel Waters had the misfortune to be taken prisoner on April 3, 1811. He had crossed the Coa alone, and while watching the enemy through a glass, was pounced upon by four hussars. When Wellington heard of his capture, his reply was, 'Ah! they've caught him, but they won't keep him long; and this prophecy was fulfilled, for on the 15th of the same month the Colonel made his escape and rejoined the army. While riding one day between two gendarmes, Waters turned his mare's head round, and dashed cross-country towards a large wood, which he crossed very cleverly, and made his escape in broad day."





HUNTING WITH "THE DUKE" IN THE PENINSULA.



SCENE FROM "THE DRAGOONS," AT THE FOLLY THEATRE.



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## THE DRAMA.

## LYCEUM THEATRE.

Even those who have the warmest admiration for Mr. Irving's histrionic abilities must regret that *The Lady of Lyons* has been selected for representation at the Lyceum. No doubt Mr. Irving's Claude Melnotte is, as the advertisement says, received with expressions of enthusiasm and delight by the public, but it is none the less unsatisfactory in the eyes of those who look for something more in an actor than the mere power to command popular and indiscriminating applause. The part of Claude Melnotte brings into prominence all the faults of Mr. Irving's style, while we miss in his acting of it the many good qualities with which he is undoubtedly gifted. That his acting is careful and scholarly, that he makes certain good points, and that he has evidently studied the part carefully we may cheerfully admit, but the result is not Claude Melnotte as depicted in Lord Lytton's play, but Mr. Irving masquerading in the costume of a Directory and a Vanderdecken hat. Claude Melnotte was a young and impulsive man, who fell into the trap prepared for him simply because of his youth and impulsiveness; but Mr. Irving makes him a saturnine being, who stalks about glaring at Pauline after a fashion which must have made that young lady think that the "Palace lifting to eternal summer" would be dearly purchased if it was to be shared with so angular and melodramatic a personage. Had Mr. Irving been introduced as the pirate instead of the Prince of Como hismien and gestures would have suited the character admirably—he was assuredly like neither the gardener's son nor the Prince. Into descriptions of his elocution and gait we need not enter, and we would be understood to have the highest admiration for Mr. Irving's powers in certain other parts; but the truth must be told about his Claude Melnotte, and it must be said that it is so strangely bad that it verges at times on burlesque, and that had any other actor played the part in such a fashion it would have afforded food for derisive mirth rather than for "enthusiasm and delight."

In very pleasant relief was the Pauline of Miss Ellen Terry—indeed, it is but rarely that so tender and womanly a Pauline is seen upon the stage. Miss Terry's conception of the character differs in essential particulars from that usually taken of it by actresses. She lays more stress upon Pauline's love for Claude than upon her indignation at his trickery, and the key-note of her impersonation is, "Why do I cease to hate him?" after Claude's declaration of his love as excuse for his having imposed upon her. There was something inexpressibly touching in her heartbroken accents when she first discovers how she has been betrayed, while the declaration that Pauline's wrongs make her sacred was never delivered with more genuine feeling. Miss Terry, indeed, invests the character with a halo of poetry which it never possessed before; she is an ideal Pauline, and the part was never played with more exquisite grace. For the rest Mr. Forrester was disappointing as Beausant, failing to invest the part with a sufficient air of distinction; Mr. Walter Lacy played Damas soundly and artistically, and Mr. Bellew made a gallant Glavis. Mrs. Chippendale was Madame Deschappelles, and Miss Pauncefort played the widow Melnotte with real feeling. The piece was capably put upon the stage, and we may especially commend a picturesque and effective innovation at the end of the fourth act, where, when Claude declares his intention of serving in the army, Colonel Damas's regiment is seen filing past the window to the strains of martial music.

## VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

*Our Boys* has at last come to an end after a run which dates from the 16th of January, 1875, and on Saturday last *The Girls* stepped upon the stage, for that is the title of Mr. Byron's new comedy at the Vaudeville. The plot of the new play is a simple one. We are introduced in the first act to a Mr. and Mrs. Clench, who have both been married before. Mr. Clench has had a daughter, Mabel Clench, by his first wife, and Mrs. Clench one also, Clara Merton, and these two young ladies are "The Girls" of the comedy. We learn directly these people appear that Mr. and Mrs. Clench hold diametrically opposite views on the important question of matrimony. Mr. Clench is in favour of money, while his wife believes in love, and thus it happens that the hands of the two girls are disposed of in accordance with the ideas of their respective parents. Mabel Clench is to marry a vulgar but wealthy City man named Plantaganet Potter, and Clara Merton is to wed a young sculptor, Tony Judson. After some smart conversation between the parents and an amusing scene between the two suitors, the first act ends with those matrimonial arrangements. In the second we are at Potter's country house, and it is soon seen that the marriage for money has been a failure. He and his wife are estranged. He is in difficulties, and so, it appears, is Mr. Clench, and they are all unhappy. Tony Judson and his wife come on with a rather farcical baby in a perambulator, and Potter insults the sculptor, though finding out afterwards that he is a friend of a Lord Aspland, who comes to give him a commission, the plutocrat is ready to grovel at his feet. The act concludes with Potter furiously denouncing his wife, Clench, and Judson, but the news arriving that an uncle from whom he had expectations has married late in life, he shrieks out that he is ruined, and sinks down in despair. His wife, though he has just cast her off, wishes to console him, but is restrained by Judson. That, no doubt, is demanded by the exigencies of the plot, but nevertheless it rather destroys our sympathy with the wife, who, under such circumstances, should have thrown in her lot with her husband. In the third act we find Mr. and Mrs. Clench, and the two young wives supported by Tony Judson, Potter having vanished, and all are experiencing "hard times." Lord Aspland has gone to shoot buffaloes in another quarter of the globe, and left Judson a large commission but no money. Mr. Clench copies law papers, and the girls work a sewing machine—the most popular branches of industry, be it noted, with impetuous people on the stage. A visitor is announced, a German model, a most woe-begone individual, who turns out to be Potter, who wishes to say farewell to his wife before going to Tasmania. Of course a reconciliation takes place, and then Lord Aspland arrives, opportunely announcing that he has paid a thousand pounds into Judson's account and brought him a cheque-book, while he also tells Potter that his uncle has relented and will assist him. Thus happiness reigns supreme, and the piece ends. It will be seen that *The Girls* is a more serious piece than its predecessor, not that Mr. Byron has failed to give us an abundance of jokes in it, but it has not the rollicking humour of *Our Boys*. Some people, however, may like it better on that account, though whether it will conduce to its enduring popularity is a question not easy to answer.

Mr. Byron has provided the actors engaged with strongly-marked characters, and full justice was done to them. Mr. James's picture of the purse-proud Potter was quite startling in its intense realism; indeed, we fancy that the author must have been astonished to see the character stand out in such a fashion. It has been said that Mr. James over-acts, but he was simply true to nature, and there were plutocrats who watched him from the stalls and boxes upon whom he might have modelled himself. A very different conception is that entrusted to Mr.

Thorne, who played the young sculptor in a very manly and modest fashion, winning the fullest sympathy for him, whether when asking for the consent of his sweetheart's father, defying Potter, or battling with the world in the last act. Mr. Farren, as might be expected, was wholly satisfactory as Mr. Clench, but Mr. Garthorne would have done better not to imitate Mr. Bancroft so obtrusively. Of the ladies, it may be said that Miss Larkin acted exceedingly well as Mrs. Clench, and that Miss Kate Bishop was graceful and sympathetic as Mabel Clench. We cannot, however, commend Miss Marie Illington as Clara Merton. She was altogether too "gushing," and not a little vulgar. Miss Cicely Richards, who played the servant so well in *Our Boys*, was again cast for a handmaid, a very small part, of which she made the most; and we should have been glad to see her in a more important rôle. *The Girls* was received with much applause from a house which was crowded from floor to ceiling; all the characters were called on after every act; and at the conclusion Mr. Byron came forward and bowed in response to an enthusiastic call.

## COURT THEATRE.

Mr. Hare's *matinées* are always deservedly popular, and the one given last Saturday was no exception to the rule. The piece presented was *The Queen's Shilling*, a new adaptation of *Le Fils de Famille*, a French play which first saw the light at the Gymnase in 1851, and has been Anglicised on two previous occasions. It has been played in the country with some success by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and was first introduced to a London audience on Saturday evening. The plot is ingenious though not a little improbable. The son of a wealthy banker quarrels with his father and enlists under an assumed name in a regiment of lancers. While serving as a private the hero, Frank Maitland, meets Kate Greville, the daughter of the squire of the village in which he is quartered, that young lady masquerading on their introduction in the guise of a servant at the village inn. Next we find Maitland invited by a friend to Dingley Grange, the home of Kate Greville's father, and as he has been put into the guard-ward for having missed parade while loitering at the inn, he has to break out to keep his appointment. At the Grange he meets the new colonel of his regiment, who, having only just joined and Maitland being absent at parade, has not seen him, while on his donning evening clothes and appearing in society the young man has taken another name. The colonel, moreover, is a suitor for Miss Greville's hand, and the two men have a furious quarrel, which ends in an encounter (which, however, takes place off the stage), in which the hero is wounded in the arm. In the morning he is brought up before the Colonel and very naturally recognised; but as Kate Greville, to whom he has told his love, and his friend Gambier who took him to the Grange persist in disowning him, and as he feigns drunkenness, the Colonel is for a moment puzzled. In the end, however, he is betrayed by the discovery of his wound, and his friends have to confess his identity with the guest at the Grange who insulted the Colonel. Kate Greville in despair offers to accept the Colonel if he will pardon the offender, but his discharge arrives, which is dated the day before the young man so committed himself. It only needs the Colonel's sanction and he gives it, chivalrously declining to allow Miss Greville to be bound by the promise she made when her lover was in danger. Mr. Kendal was Frank Maitland, and made a dashing lancer, bantered the Colonel in the second act very cleverly, and played the difficult scene in which he has to sham drunkenness with much skill. Mrs. Kendal was thoroughly at home in the part of Kate Greville, and her power of interpreting comedy was never more conspicuously shown. She played with infinite freshness and spirit, and yet with all the care of a well-trained artist. Mr. Hare added another picture to his gallery of old men, and played Colonel Daunt, an irascible *vieille moustache*, to the life. Very clever, too, was Mrs. Gaston Murray's portrait of Mrs. Major Ironsides, his sister, a military who ruled the regiment through her brother, while Miss Kate Phillips deserves commendation for her acting as the landlady of the village inn. Mr. Mackintosh was very amusing as the Colonel's soldier servant, and Mr. Herbert, who we must congratulate on his "make-up" played the hero's friend neatly and well. The piece went capably, and was received with much applause, but the manifest improbabilities of the concluding act are against its permanent success. It is to be repeated at a morning performance at the Court next Saturday.

## HAYMARKET.

Mr. John S. Clarke always comes to the rescue of the Haymarket when business is bad, and on the failure of *Ellen* he appeared once more in *The Rivals*. It is unnecessary to say much of a representation that has already been noticed in these columns, and that has been stamped with the mint-mark of popular approval. Mr. Clarke makes Acres more of a caricature than ever, but no one can deny that the impersonation is a most mirth-provoking one, and the audience laughs very heartily whenever he is on the stage. It is most amusing to watch his face in the duel scene, to see the assumed valour with which he suggests "a long shot," and then to watch his courage gradually ooze away, to note the sickly closure of his eyes at the suggestion of the chances of being hit in a "vital part," and the cheerful alacrity with which he says he will bear his "disappointment like a man." We are glad to welcome Mr. Charles Kelly as Sir Lucius O'Trigger instead of Faulkland, and the part could not possibly have a better representative. Mr. W. Howe resumes the part of Sir Anthony Absolute, and plays it like the sound actor he is, while Mr. Terriss is Captain Absolute. Miss Emily Thorne delivers the comic speeches assigned to Mrs. Malaprop with due emphasis, and Miss Phillips, Miss Henri, Mrs. Beere, and Messrs. Fisher and Crouch, are also included in the cast. The comedy is succeeded by the farce of *Toodles*, in which Mr. Clarke is as amusing as ever. A very merry evening may assuredly be spent at the Haymarket during the present performance of *The Rivals*.

## IMPERIAL THEATRE.

We very heartily and sincerely condole with Mr. Lionel Brough and Miss Lydia Thompson as regards their new occupation at the Imperial (late Aquarium) Theatre, and wish them a speedy release from the sad task of making fun out of the material supplied them in the new burlesque of *The Lady of Lyons*. What the affair would have been without their assistance is a subject too dreadful for contemplation; for an actor and actress more competent to make bricks without straw, and to extract the fullest germs of fun from a wilderness of bathos, it would be hard to find. From the general condemnation let us except a duet sung by them, and also a song satirising the ladies who are commonly known as "professional beauties." The attitudes struck at the end of lines in the duet are funny, though it would have been in better taste to have omitted all reference to the Zulu war in a comic play. Let us except also Miss Thompson's dancing, no less excellent than ever; and credit must be given to Mr. Steyne, who played the Widow Melnotte, for abstaining from vulgarity. To stretch a point and make the best of a bad job we may also say that Beausant, as played by Mr. Denny, tried to be lively. The whole business,

however, is very, very sad. A young lady, whom we are unable to identify, came forward, and *apropos* of nothing at all dolefully bleated out a feeble imitation of Mr. Levey's song, "Esmeralda," which was funny enough, though not intentionally so. The most disagreeable part of the performance was the singing of a French song, in imitation of Mesdames Judic and Chaumont, by a young lady whom we take to be Miss Nolan or a Miss Novere. After each verse the singer raised her skirts, and pranced about in a manner strongly suggestive of a dancing bear during the earlier stages of his education.

*She Stoops to Conquer* is still played, and the parts of Tony Lumpkin and Miss Hardcastle can rarely have been acted better. To say that Mr. Brough is at home in the part is scarcely to say enough. Never for one moment does the actor forget his assumed identity. Surely this must be Tony Lumpkin, not as Goldsmith hoped it would be presented, but as the "Squire" from whom Goldsmith took the character lived, and moved, and had his being. Miss Litton plays charmingly as Miss Hardcastle, never forgetting to present the gentlewoman beneath the "barmaid." As a rule, the performance of the comedy, if not always striking, is satisfactory. If the management desire to maintain the reputation of the newly-named theatre, however, there are some features in the burlesque which most urgently need revision. There are always in a theatre some puritan persons who are most delighted with those things which make the judicious grieve. Experience has shown that in the long run this sort of thing does not pay, to take the matter only at a commercial standpoint.

*Married, not Mated*, a new comedy in four acts, supported by the Beatrice Company, will be given at the Olympic Theatre on Saturday morning next.

Mr. Edgar Bruce is going to put up a burlesque at the Royalty instead of *The Zoo*. Why does he not try one of Mr. Byron's earlier pieces, when that prolific author wrote much better burlesques than he does nowadays?

*Sweethearts* is to be played at the Prince of Wales's next month with Mrs. Bancroft in her original part, and Mr. Bancroft as Henry Spreadbrow. The same evening Mr. Buckstone's comic drama, *Good for Nothing*, will be given, with a cast including Messrs. Arthur Cecil, Clayton, Conway, and Kemble, and Mrs. Bancroft.

*London Assurance* was successfully revived at a morning performance at the Adelphi last Saturday. *The Ticket-of-Leave Man* is underlined for this morning (Saturday).

All subscribers to the performances of the Comédie Française at the Gaiety are requested to hand in their deposit receipts and claim their tickets on or before April 26th.

*Ruy Blas* has been successfully revived at the Théâtre Français, with Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt and Mounet-Sully in the principal parts.

Mr. Toole started on his provincial tour on Easter Monday, commencing at Birmingham, where he is a great favourite, as indeed he is at every place he visits.

Mr. J. R. G. Hassard, the well-known critic of the *New York Tribune*, will contribute to the *May Scribner* a charming critical and biographical sketch of "Wilhelmj and Reményi," which will have a portrait of each of the distinguished violinists drawn from life by the painter, Wm. M. Chase.

## REVIEWS.

*Lessons in Horse Judging, with Instructions for the Summering of Hunters.* By WILLIAM FEARNLEY, formerly Principal of, and Lecturer in Anatomy at, the Edinburgh Veterinary College. Author of "Lectures on the Examination of Horses as to Soundness." With illustrations. London: Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly. 1879.

MR. FEARNLEY has issued a little book which no one who buys or keeps horses should fail to obtain, for if the volume be judiciously studied the horse buyer is likely to save more pounds than he has invested pence. The author has another merit beyond that of thoroughly understanding his subject—he has the rare power of making what he has to say lucid and comprehensible, even when discussing scientific questions. The little book is full of practical hints from a shrewd observer who concisely states his experiences, and knows not only horses but horse-dealers. The illustrations are outlines of various portions of the horse's anatomy, the mouth being treated with especial care. It is a common habit with many young gentlemen, who are, or think themselves, called upon to criticise horses, to look at their mouths; but it is not certain that much practical knowledge is always gained from the investigation. A careful study of Mr. Fearnley's book will teach these critics what a horse's mouth has to tell. The author is anxious that Government should take under its control the selection of breeding stock, at any rate in the case of horseflesh; but this is a dream so unlikely to be realised that we need not discuss the benefits that might spring from its accomplishment.

The chapter on the "Summering of Hunters" has a special value at this time of year, and we have no hesitation in saying that those who follow Mr. Fearnley's advice will not be sorry that they did so next October.

*An Introduction to Form and Instrumentation for the Use of Beginners in Composition.* By W. A. BARRETT, Mus. Bac., Oxon., F.R.S.L., Vicar-Choral of St. Paul's Cathedral, Rivingtons, Waterloo Place, London, Oxford, and Cambridge.

MR. BARRETT is well known to musicians as a highly competent writer on their art, and the little volume he has issued under the title of "Form and Instrumentation" supplies, and supplies very effectually, a popular want. The work presupposes some knowledge of music, and deals in the first part with the construction of melody, and the chief forms used in music. A clear and concise explanation of the nature and construction of the various instruments employed in orchestras follows, together with information to students on the "Disposition of a Score." It is not only to students, however, that Mr. Barrett's book may be recommended. All lovers of music who are not well acquainted with the science and theory will find their pleasure and appreciation of good work greatly strengthened if they seek the author's guidance in explaining how effects are produced. With much modesty and ability Mr. Barrett has accomplished a very useful task.

Mrs. — of 105, Eaton-place, Belgravia, S.W., will certainly recommend all her friends to Mr. and Mrs. Hart of 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Piccadilly, S.W., as the most liberal purchaser of left-off clothes, &c.—[ADVT.]

Opposite the Victoria District Railway Station is Mr. and Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Piccadilly, the old-established buyers of left-off clothes of all descriptions. P.O.O. remitted for parcels of the above, same day as received. Established 1810.—[ADVT.]

"KEATING'S POWDER" destroys bugs, fleas, moths, beetles, and all other insects, whilst quite harmless to domestic animals. In exterminating beetles the success of this powder is extraordinary. It is perfectly clean in application. See the article you purchase is "KEATING'S," as imitations are noxious and ineffectual. Sold in tins, 1s. and 2s. 6d. each, by all Chemists.—[ADVT.]

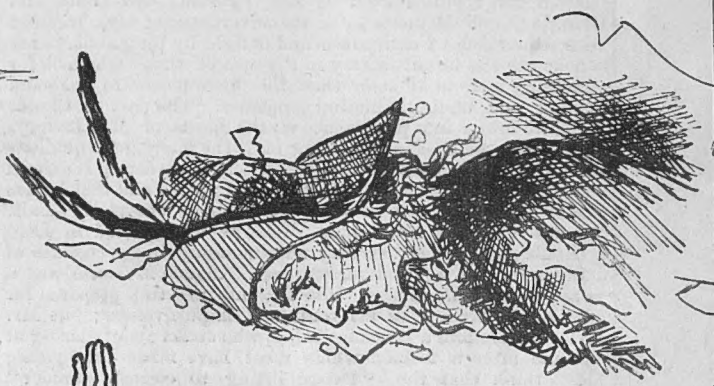
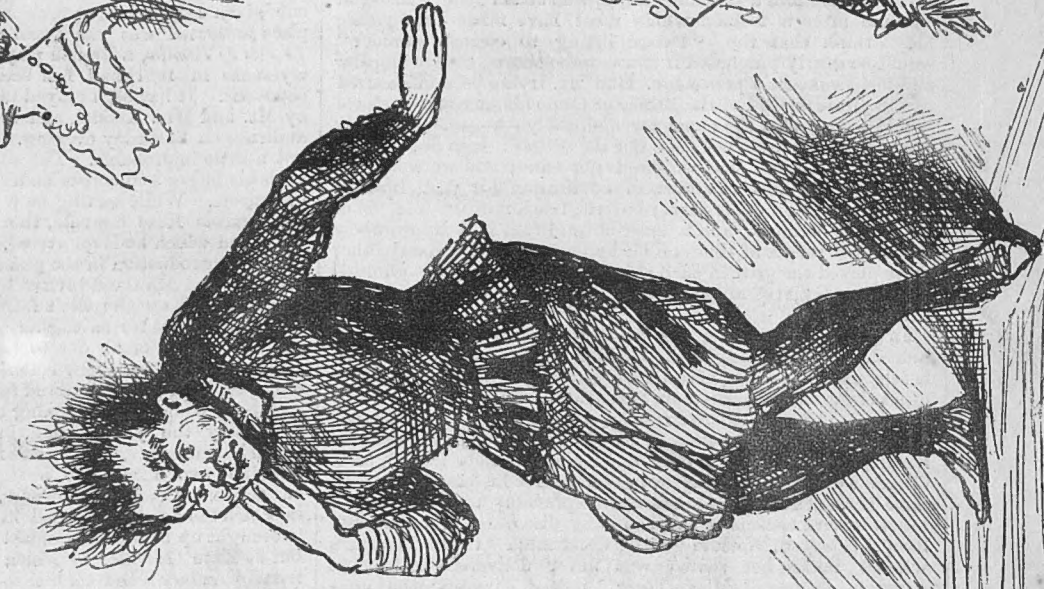
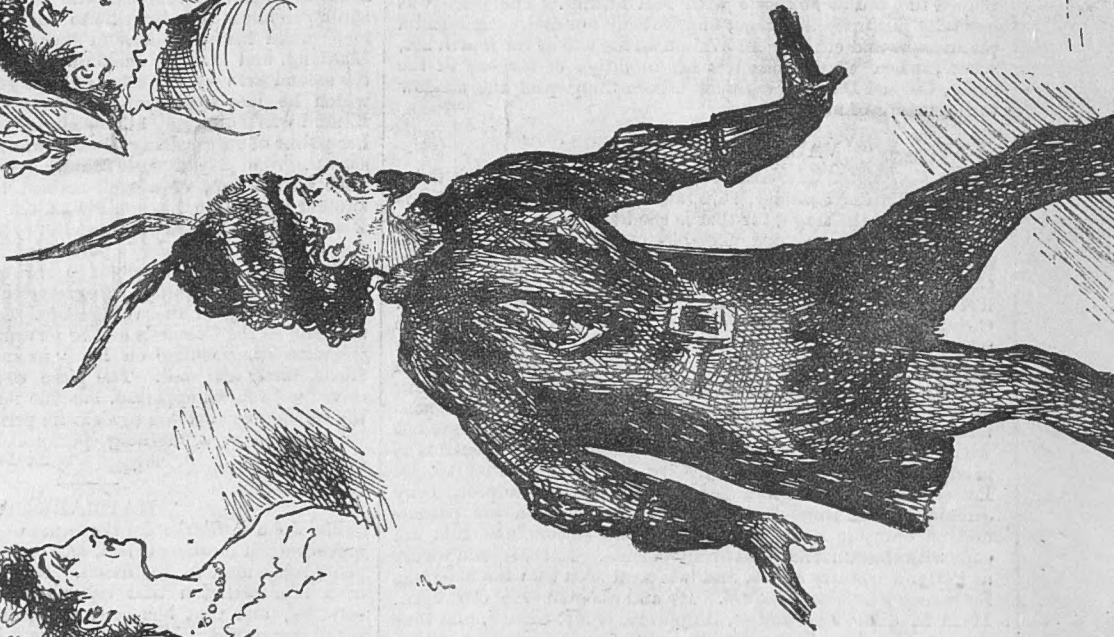
MORE Cures of Consumption, Coughs, Asthma, and Diseases of the Chest and Lungs, by DR. LOCKER'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—Mr. Ward, Market-place, Heckmondwike, Yorkshire, writes: "Cures of consumption, asthma, and other diseases of the chest and lungs are regularly occurring here." Price 1s. 1½d.—[ADVT.]



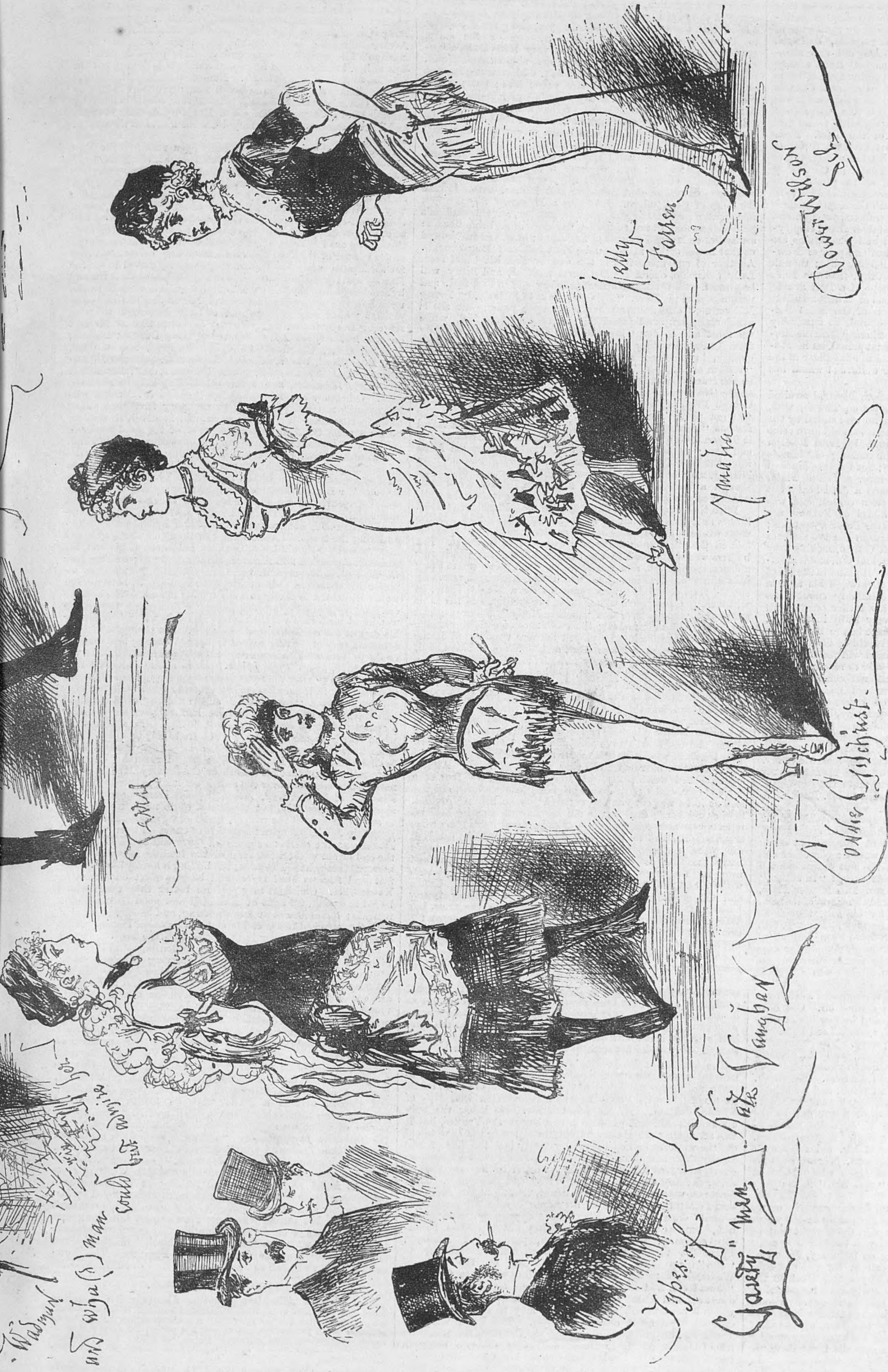
# Wishes at the Fairy

Dear Creatures

More dear creatures







SKETCHES FROM "PRETTY ESMERALDA," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.



## TURFIANA.

THE committee appointed to administer the sum collected for the Rous Memorial Fund are now about to take active steps in bringing the result of their deliberations to a head, as we hear they have actually accepted a tender for the erection of buildings after a design submitted to and approved by the Prince of Wales. Doubtless the places will, in all respects, be found suitable for the purposes for which the hospital and almshouses were intended, and these erections will form a very imposing and appropriate memorial to the gallant old sailor to whom Newmarket, as well as the Turf in general, owes so much. A very handsome sum has been collected, and it was only natural that those having the control of the fund should wish for something visible and tangible wherewith to connect the name of Rous with the metropolis of the Turf. Their decision has now been taken, and vain regrets are therefore useless, but we cannot help thinking that better use might have been made of the munificent fund at the disposal of the Jockey Club. We express this opinion, of course, on the presumption that the use of the charitable institutions in contemplation is to be confined strictly to individuals connected with the staple business of the town of Newmarket, that is to say, trainers, jockeys, and the crowd of nondescripts to whom racing stables afford employment. If, on the contrary, the hospital and almshouses are intended for the benefit of the aged, infirm, and poor of Newmarket at large, then it must command our best wishes; though we had rather, in the interests of real utility, that the Rous Memorial Fund could have assumed the shape of a Turf Benefit Society, to be supplemented by subscriptions of benefit members and others, and constituted after the fashion of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, which has done its work so admirably well. However, we venture to hope that this may form the subject of Jockey Club deliberations at no distant period, an institution of this kind having long been wanted to administer to the accidents and wants of a class of men the welfare of whom has hitherto been unaccountably neglected.

On Thursday, at Newmarket, the Twentieth Biennial resulted in a rank surprise, Cyprus upsetting the pot on Thurio, who, besides giving Mr. Gee's colt 7lb., was in no wise suited by the pottering pace, and it was evident that Thurio should have come through in place of waiting. Returns, bred by Lord Rosslyn at Easton Lodge, had some difficulty in stalling off King's County in the Refuse Two-year-old Plate; but Captain Machell and Archer scored again in the next race, a Selling Plate, though not until after Cremation had made a dead heat of it with Lounger, who subsequently won in a canter, and was bought in for 200 guineas. Neither Wheel of Fortune nor Peace came out to oppose Reconciliation in the Post Sweepstakes; but Chios again did backers a good turn in the 100 Guineas Plate, last mile and a half of Cesarewitch Course, making very short work indeed of Kingfisher, Witchery, and Co., and it is evident Mr. Grettton has got hold of a very useful plater in the son of Nuneham. Though Tower and Sword got through his task in the Brethby Stakes Course Sweepstakes creditably enough, no one would relieve Colonel Forester of his rather erratic colt, and it will be noted that Matina cut up very badly in the race, though she may mend upon this performance before the year is out, and must not be lost sight of. By the aid of Sign Manual Capt. Machell and Archer scored their third win for the day in a Welter Handicap; and then came the *pièce de résistance* in the shape of the Craven Stakes, which suffered considerably in point of interest owing to the withdrawals of Marshall Scott, Strathern, and King Duncan. Absurd odds were consequently laid on Discord, who had things all his own way, but no horse could have won in handsomer style, and we should say that Tom Jennings will find some difficulty in getting a line for Rayon d'Or through Prologue, and Matt. Dawson will be none the worse for Lady Alicia's attempt to take the measure of Mr. Christopher's colt, who forthwith supplanted the Frenchman for favouritism in the Two Thousand Guineas' market.

The two first races on Friday's card fell to Mr. Bush, with Bishop Burton and Beverley, both names with the true Yorkshire ring about them, while Strathconan claims sireship of the pair. Bulford and Jessop are a promising pair of apprentices, and these sort of races do a deal of good in bringing out rising talent among the lads, many of whom would never otherwise get even a chance mount, and not even the best judges can tell of what sort of stuff their boys are made except "in action," when pluck and judgment show themselves. In a Maiden Plate, King's County at last managed to break his long run of ill-luck, but we fancy the Count paid full value for his colt, though he did dispose of some moderate ones in fair style. For a T.Y.C. handicap the nice odds of 11 to 2 might have been had about Bondsman, who just did Pardon by a head, Aventurier once more cutting up a perfect wretch, and the sooner the stable get rid of him the better. The Bennington Stakes was a regular turn up, both High and Mity and Claymore having the call of Adjutant, who just beat the Duke of Westminster's colt by a head, High and Mity having apparently trained off. Old Nike seems to throw all her produce to win, and we saw her at Cobham last week looking as fresh as ever, though Lord Falmouth had thoughts of selling her not long since. The Newmarket International Handicap attracted a dozen, and Mr. Naylor started Knight of Burghley again, but not to victory this time, though he did better than the much-fancied Alpha. The finish, however, was confined to Briglia, West Wind, and Alchemist. Mr. Alexander's mare having been handicapped on most favourable terms, which will account for the poor figure cut by the three-year-olds, which included Thornfield, Japonica, and Leghorn, in addition to those already named. A Sweepstakes, R.M., fell to Abbot of St. Mary's, one of Mr. John Watson's breeding, but the colt is not of much account, judging from his followers home, and it is evident that those who nibbled at Squirrel for the Derby are likely to be "up a tree" in company with their fancy.

The Caterham valley looked bleak and dreary enough as we sped along on our road to Marden Deer Park early in the week, and we were glad enough to take refuge in the snug homestead before going "visiting rounds" among Griffiths's young charges, which are due in the sale ring on Saturday, June 7th. As usual, Mr. Hume Webster has gone in for size and substance, certainly leading qualifications of yearling stock in the eyes of buyers, nor has the charm of variety been forgotten, as will be evident from a perusal of the sale catalogue. France has been requisitioned for samples of her most fashionable and successful blood, while no opportunity has been neglected of adding to the collection at Marden Deer Park anything worthy to bear company with those which first saw the light there, or for the breeding of which their owner is responsible. In addition to twenty-seven of the home contingent, Mr. Caledon Alexander and Mr. Combe will contribute sufficient to bring the strength of the afternoon's sale up to nearly fifty lots, just a comfortable number to get through, as was the case last year. Our present brief notice of the yearlings must be considered as merely the result of a box-to-box visitation, and not of a regular inspection out of the stable, by which means alone can a true judgment be formed concerning the capabilities of each, and this we hope to do before the day of dispersion arrives. Perhaps the bay and black fillies by Asteroid from

Fatality and by Boiard out of Nemea (the latter French bred) are the smallest of the string, but there is smartness and quality about the former; while we do not remember to have seen a lengthier sample of Macgregor's stock than his Green Gown filly, which in nearly every point strains back to her great grand-sire, West Australian, as a glance will reveal. Another Frenchman is a chestnut Flageolet from the Oaks winner, Feu de Joie, a latish foal, and not fully furnished as yet, and quite a contrast to Vedette's Child of the Mist colt, one of the early, precocious sort, and though not on a very large scale, showing many of Lord Clifden's most desirable characteristics. Miss Bell has contributed a Carnival colt, with a strong impress of that unfortunately deceased sire about him; but nothing pleased us much better than Nelly More's squarely-built Blair Athol filly, though she is a bit overlaid with flesh, and in this respect is the very antipodes of the rather lathy chestnut by Mortemer from Fille de Ciel, who could very well "do with" some of his neighbour's superfluous burden of "adipose tissue." Cassidia's colt is a Scottish Chief all over, splendidly topped, and with fine length; and we have a good word to say for North Star's George Frederick filly, and also for a lengthy handsome daughter of Adventurer and Bianca, certain to take the fancy of good judges. Poudriere's Mortemer filly is a first foal, with a great many good points about her, but this stallion's produce certainly do not "pose" well as yearlings, being like him somewhat on leg and narrow at first sight; but Chamant showed us that horses of his make could gallop fast and long enough. Another of our favourites is the colt by Scottish Chief from Lady Valentine, one of the Dewhurst matrons, and many will be pleased with Constance's Mortemer bay colt, a first foal, and with a capital pedigree. "By Caterer out of Melanie, by Young Melbourne," does not read handsome upon paper, but she is wonderfully bony and powerful, and another first foal, while we must add to our "loves at first sight" the Sterling filly from Carine, boasting fine shape, great power, and excellent quality, but looking shorter than she really is through the "burden of the flesh." For a grandly-topped colt, commend us to the sturdy brown by King of Scots from Tragedy (a pedigree suggestive of more than one highly appropriate name); and in George Frederick's colt from Agnes de Mansfeldt purchasers will get plenty for their money, and his dam is one of the famous "Agnes" family. A Flageolet colt from Rose of Athol is Rayon d'Or over again in every point, and a marvel of size and bone; while of the sister to K.G., the Donna del Lago filly, the Wild Oats colt from Cornelia, and by Thunderer from N.B., it may be said they are well matched in point of stature though a brown Dutch Skater filly from Ribbon, a few sizes smaller, might be found the cleverest racehorse among them all.

With the antagonism of Kaleidoscope and Placida the Trial Stakes at Epsom was bound to be an interesting race, but the Oaks winner did not look so ripe as the gelding, and the odds laid on the primrose and rose hoops were never in doubt. But backers were all abroad in the Stamford Plate, for which over a dozen sported silk, and San Francisco did a pretty smart thing in stalling off Hudibras, on which the Archerites manfully sported their coin. Fourteen came out for a Maiden Plate, in which Polly Carew gave us a taste of her quality, and she is as smart and speedy as ever was "mother Molly" in her youthful days, only Attainder making the semblance of a fight with the daughter of Carnival, who played another trump card in the Westminster Stakes in Maraschino, and both are Cobham bred, the latter winning very cleverly indeed from Contadino after a series of breaks away at the post, and he is one of the few high-priced yearlings which have made a satisfactory *début*. The Durdans Stakes fell to the useful Woodquest, and the Chelsea Plate to Storm, and this leaves us with only the City and Suburban to deal with, for which eighteen mustered at the post. Belphebe looked pinched and rough, with none of her old bloom, and few liked Parole until he was set going, when he quite filled the eye as the best mover among them all, his ragged coat and rather narrow frame being put out of mind. Attalus has thickened wonderfully, but Rosy Cross has, we fear, seen her best day, and Cyprus, though handsome as ever, did not look as if he was cut out for a tough job on holding ground, neither did Paul's Cray excite much admiration as he held his toilet by the clump in the centre of the paddock. Elf King bears a striking likeness to West Australian, and decidedly deserved the palm for good looks, but we fear he is no boy's horse; neither is Knight of Burghley, the handsomest nag in the race perhaps, but a bit of a peacock withal, and too much of a dandy for real business. Cradle and Censer, the pair of See-Saws, bore a striking family likeness one to another, and looked trained to the hour, but Wild Prince did not please, and Red Comyn was voted too small, and "not class enough" as we anticipated when discussing his chance last week. King Boris is a King Tom all over, but we could not believe in his "conversion" from mere plating form to that of a high-class handicap horse, and Ridotto beat him out of sight in the race, which turned out a very easy win for the Yankee at last, Archer bringing him along with his usual confidence, and having Lord Rosebery's horse settled as soon as it came to racing. Cradle struggled up third, but the rest were widely scattered, and the tailing began very early in the race, half a dozen being out of it before the furzes were passed, though the pace did not seem to be over severe at first.

The contents of Wednesday's Epsom card might well have suffered curtailment, though perhaps something was needed to make amends for the failure of the Great Metropolitan to excite its usual interest. Parole has now followed in the steps of Virago, Sabinus, and Mornington, Mr. Batt being the only owner with sufficient pluck to have a shy at the Yankee, but it was all against the greatly improved Castlereagh to have to cut out the work for an opponent, who clearly had the foot of him at any time, and ultimately cut him down almost without an effort, as indeed Parole was bound to do, if he has any pretensions, as many seem to imagine, to rank as a Cup horse. This, however, we must take leave to doubt, though he has swept the board clean thus far, and in a manner beyond all precedent; several other good stakes being apparently waiting for him, but as yet he has met nothing but fair class handicap company, with the exception, perhaps, of Isonomy, whom he managed in some unaccountable manner to "slip" up the Criterion hill. As to the rest of Wednesday's racing it may be described as up to the usual Epsom form, half-a-mile and five furlongs being the favourite distances, and selling races a leading feature in the programme, which is perhaps only fitting at what may be styled the headquarters of the noble army of platers. The queer tempered Tower and Sword pulled through in the Great Surrey Handicap from Claymore and Little Duck, neither of the two being in much request in the market, and Colonel Foresters' colt had also a "good look in" for the Prince of Wales Stakes, in which, however, his 7lb. penalty told, and he had to put up with second place to Paul's Cray, Vegetarian being the runner-up, while Kaleidoscope and Thunderstone were out of it a long way from home, though the latter got a capital start. The Beaufort Stakes fell to Essayez, a small but well-built colt by Albert Victor, who won very easily indeed from Ocean Queen and Gracedrink; but the Rosebery colours had better luck in the Pall Mall Stakes on Ramsbury, who travelled very queerly in the market, but finally settled Baronet and Gos-

hawk very comfortably, Devotee again performing indifferently, while Sword Knot is another who has seemingly lost caste since last season. Saltier won the Railway Stakes, and was bought in for 280 guineas; and it is worthy of remark in passing that Rosierucian seems to "hit it off" admirably with the Paradigm family, as witness Chevron and Illuminata in addition to Saltier. In the Hyde Park Plate The Song set her penalty at naught, and came sailing away in front, but we fancy Polly Carew might have been second instead of Night Cap, Archer riding the latter out to the bitter end; but Lord Rosslyn's filly is light all over, and we have probably seen the best of her, albeit the field comprised some good-looking ones in Sabella, Certitude, and Alcides. Norseman secured the Selling Welter Handicap, and half a dozen actually tried conclusions for the Queen's Plate, Ridotto justifying the odds laid on him by beating Paul's Cray and Knight of Burghley cleverly enough, and Lord Rosebery's horse may turn out useful in this line of business.

Never was there a more apparently open race for the Two Thousand Guineas, the field for which ought, therefore, to be numerous, and many owners will doubtless elect to run their representatives on the off chance, which is so frequently lost sight of when one or two hot favourites are "stopping the way." With Falmouth and Victor Chief "at home," only the second-raters (according to the running of the past as well as of the present year) can be expected to muster at the post, though we are far from being so bold as to deny the possibility of the winner of the Two Thousand troubling better favourites for the Epsom race. On the contrary, we may expect to see the Russley and Kingsclere champions rudely shaken on their thrones by the champion of the Rowley Mile; but a great deal must depend upon how the victory is achieved, and the running of those competitors which may be supposed to have measured the two reigning Derby favourites. We may expect to find at the post on the last day of April, Strathern, King Duncan, Discord, Marshal Scott, Charibert, Cadogan, Ruperra, Rayon d'Or, Zut, Blue Blood, Uncas, Massena, Lipscombe, Sans Pareil, Adventure, and Mysotis colt, while George Albert, Blink Boy, Brother to Hilarious, and a few others may help to swell the field. Our fancy has for some time pointed to Discord, who has recently received promotion to the very front rank owing to his performance last week; in which, however, it must be borne in mind that his opponents were of the most moderate calibre, and Discord won with any amount of weight in hand. But we contend that, on his last year's running Mr. Christophers's horse must possess a formidable chance, and having stood by him all along, we can do no better than abide by our early choice. Rayon d'Or is much the same unfurnished, sprawling customer he was last year, and we shall have none of this fearfully and wonderfully made colt, though he may perform better at Newmarket than at Epsom, where handiness is indispensable in negotiating the turns. Lancastrian has been in queer street, but inasmuch as we should have discarded him, even at his best, his recent indisposition will make no difference to us; and we fear we must place Ruperra in the same category, infinitely as we prefer his chance to that of Mr. Crawford's colt, both fit and well. Strathern is likely to run a good honest horse, and we can imagine him scraping into fourth or fifth place, though we wonder at his owner's declining to "know the worst" by pitting his dapper colt against Discord last week. For Cadogan we have a certain respect, having reason to believe that he has gone on really well since he bade a rather unsatisfactory farewell to the turf in 1878, and though public form is against him, we may have occasion to alter the rather disparaging opinion of his merits promulgated in these columns from time to time. Gunnersbury we regard as a "gone coon," and have not even reckoned him among the starters, but he never had any pretensions, either by reason of looks or performances, to figure as a favourite; while Heath House apparently will have to rely upon the handsome Marshall Scott. The latter is a somewhat difficult horse to deal with, but we hear that there is still room for improvement in him, and that his chance on the Rowley Mile is a far more likely one than over the course on his "native heath" at Epsom. If fit and well, Marshall Scott seems bound to run more than respectably, but we cannot quite make up our mind to see him heralded the winner, much as we should like to congratulate Mr. Ellam upon the success of one of his own "chicks." Doubtless more than one significant move will be made towards the end of the week, when some of the leading favourites have been put through their facings; but betting is hardly likely to wax fast and furious until layers and backers meet once more at Newmarket. Charibert may perform better than many would be led to expect, for none of us can tell how good Reconciliation really is; but of Uncas we know nothing, and he may be shining with the reflected lustre of his stable companion Parole. A lot of outsiders have recently been rushed into the market, but we cannot stop to consider their chances, contenting ourselves with giving a plumper for Discord, and leaving Marshall Scott, Strathern, and Charibert to fight out the place battle. On the Tuesday a Post Sweepstakes, Rowley Mile, may fall to Prologue; and out of a bad lot in the Coffee Room Stakes *Khamseen* may be found the best unless King Duncan justifies the hopes of his party. A First Foal Stakes D.M. also contains King Duncan's name, but it may be safer to trust to *Ringleader*, and in the Prince of Wales' Stakes, Cesarewitch Course, *Lord Olive* may find matters made smooth for him, Eau de Vie being his most dangerous opponent, unless Bonnie Scotland should turn up trumps. *Sabella* may be found capable of beating Attainder, Khabara, and Regent Murray in the First Spring Two-Year-Old Stakes, and in a similar race on Friday we can find nothing more formidable than *Landrail* and *Nightcap*, by the former of which we shall elect to be represented, though their 7lb penalties may possibly "let up" some dark candidate. For the One Thousand Guineas Stakes, Peace, Reconciliation, Wheel of Fortune, Abbaye or Japonica, Jessie Agnes, Adventure, and one each of Mr. Crawford's and Mr. Lorillard's lots may be found at the post, and looking at Reconciliation's performance with Charibert, the high reputation enjoyed by Mr. Bowes's filly as a two-year-old, and the manifest improvement wrought in her during the recess, we cannot but think that those who plunge on Lord Falmouth's filly may have to shake in their shoes, when the "old beggar in black" challenges, but our final vote must be for *WHEEL OF FORTUNE*. The Newmarket Stakes will fall to *Reconciliation*. SKYLARK.

**EAU FIGARO.** The last scientific discovery for restoring faded and grey hair to its original colour. Cleansing, Harmless, Colourless. To prove that this is "bona-fide," if a sample of hair be sent before purchase of the preparation, stating original colour, the same will be returned completely restored, prices 5s. and 6s. per bottle. Full particulars will be sent on application to the French Hygienic Society, 40, Haymarket, S.W.—[ADVT.]

**SOZODONT.**—The peerless liquid Dentifrice; its use imparts the most fragrant breath; it beautifies, cleanses, and preserves the teeth in a surprising manner. It gives a delightfully fresh taste and feeling to the mouth, removing all Tartar and Scum from the Teeth, completely arresting the progress of decay, and whitening such parts as have already become black by decay or neglect. Impure breath caused by Bad Teeth, Tobacco, Spirits, or catarrh is neutralised by Sozodont. The price of the Fragrant Sozodont is 3s. 6d., put up in large bottles, fitted with patent sprinklers for applying the liquid to the tooth-brush. Each bottle is enclosed in a handsome toilet box. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, and by JOHN M. RICHARDS, Great Russell-street, London. Observe the Name SOZODONT on the box, label, and bottle.—ADVT.



## MAGAZINES AND SERIALS FOR APRIL

(Second Notice.)

The *Theatre* contains excellent photographs of Miss Neilson and Miss Cameron, with its usual slight gossip papers and dramatic news items.

*Scribner's Monthly* opens with a very interesting and delightfully illustrated paper on the actors and actresses of New York, by Mr. J. B. Mathews, the remainder of the contents being carefully varied in kind and character, and up to the usual high standard of this admirable magazine.

The *Magazine of Art* is an excellent number, with numerous admirable illustrations, engraved with extreme skill and care.

The *University Magazine* has an extremely interesting paper, by M.C., on Marie Taghioni, Comtesse Gilbert de Voisins, with a still more interesting photograph of that once world-famous dancer, recently taken. Amateur theatricals receive treatment, and we again rejoice to meet with the author of that most charming of simple stories, "A Sussex Idyl."

*Tinsley's Magazine*.—A spirited sporting story by Byron Webster, a story completed in ten chapters by the author of "Grantley Grange," and a variety of other light and amusing pages, of which "Coriolanus at the Seaside" is by no means the least readable or clever, make *Tinsley's* a fairly good average number.

*Macmillan's Magazine* has several papers of serious interest, with a fair show of fiction, but has, on the whole, a little too strong a tendency towards the heavy and grave, perhaps.

The *Cornhill Magazine* comes strongly to the fore with high-class literature of a sufficiently diversified character and full of interest.

*Belgravia's* serial stories continue to grow in interest, and the entire number is a very good and readable one.

The *Atlantic Monthly* is packed closely with the best of good reading, and is quite up to its own high standard. A paper on the New York theatres will be found interesting by our dramatic readers.

The *Biograph*, of which we have received a copy wanting half its pages, appears to be a good number.

From Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin we have received *Familiar Wild Flowers*, *The Illustrated History of the Russo-Turkish War*, *Familiar Garden Flowers* (issued with coloured plates, to form a companion to the *Familiar Wild Flowers*), *Our Own Country* (a work of high excellence), and the *Dictionary of English Literature*, by W. Davenport Adams, a work which promises to take an important position in our libraries of reference, and to which we shall devote a more lengthy notice next month.

## PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

## NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

FRIDAY.

THE APPRENTICES' PLATE.—Mr. C. Bush's Bishop Burton (Bullford), 1; M.P., 2; Heliotrope, 3. 6 ran.  
MATCH.—Mr. C. Bush's Beverley (C. Wood), 1; Nicosia, 2. 2 ran.  
MAIDEN PLATE.—Count Festetics' King's County (H. Jeffery), 1; Gift colt, 2; Crust colt, 3. 4 ran.  
A HANDICAP.—Mr. F. Davis's Bondsman (C. Wood), 1; Pardon, 2; Calabria, 3. 7 ran.  
THE BENNINGTON STAKES.—Lord Falkmouth's Adjutant (F. Archer), 1; Claymore, 2; High and Mity, 3. 3 ran.  
THE NEWMARKET INTERNATIONAL HANDICAP.—Mr. C. Alexander's Brighia (W. Macdonald), 1; West Wind, 2; Alchemist, 3. 12 ran.  
A SWEEPSTAKES.—Sir G. Chetwynd's The Abbot of St. Mary's (F. Archer), 1; Squirrel, 2; The Scot, 3. 6 ran.  
THE ROWLEY MILE PLATE.—Mr. O. Scavenius's Mowerina (F. Archer), w.o.

## CATTERICK BRIDGE MEETING.

FRIDAY.

THE BAINESSE WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. C. Mytton's Kennett gelding (W. Platt), 1; Maximus, 2; Unicorn, 3. 10 ran.  
THE ORAN PLATE.—Dr. Wheatley's Lady Auckland (Tomlinson), 1; Castle-cary, 2; Giamerdi, 3. 8 ran.  
THE MANOR HOUSE SELLING PLATE.—Mr. G. Cook's Patrol (Owner), 1; Ada Macgregor, 2; Boudoir, 3. 9 ran.  
THE BROUGH HALL HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. Trotter's Palmbearer (Bell), 1; Lady of Jerveaux colt, 2; Lady Fanciful, 3. 11 ran.  
THE NORTH RIDING HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE STAKES.—Mr. C. J. Cunningham's Douglas (Mr. C. W. Cunningham), 1; Montauban, 2; Charley Boy, 3. 4 ran.

## CHELTENHAM MEETING.

FRIDAY.

THE PRESTBURY HURDLE RACE.—Serape and Wrangle ran a dead-heat for first place. 4 ran.  
THE COTSWOLD HUNT CUP STEEPLECHASE.—Stackpole, 1; Garnishee, 2; Lancaster, 3. 8 ran.  
A SELLING STEEPLECHASE.—Pinafore, 1; Great Eastern, 2; Helen Mar, 3. 5 ran.  
THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' STEEPLECHASE.—Seagull, 1; Miss Monaghan, 2; St. Bees, 3. 6 ran.  
MATCH.—Little Robin receives forfeit.  
THE SELLING HURDLE.—Vanguard, 1; Tynemouth, 2. 3 ran.  
THE PRINCE OF WALES'S STEEPLECHASE.—High Priest, 1; Distingue, 2; Cartel, 3. 4 ran.  
THE WEST OF ENGLAND HUNTERS' FLAT RACE PLATE.—Trot, 1; Justin, 2; Cricketer, 3. 3 ran.

SATURDAY.

THE HEWLETT'S HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.—Mr. J. Jones's High Priest (Owner), w.o.  
A SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. W. Gregory's Keyhole (Gregory), 1; Anchorite, 2; Marine, 3. 7 ran.  
A MATCH.—Mr. Phillips's William IV. (Mr. Bladgrave), 1; Vanguard, 2. 2 ran.  
THE SCRAMBLE HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. W. Walter's Wrangle (T. Hale), 1; St. Bees, 2; St. Margaret, 0. 4 ran.  
A SELLING HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. P. Wilson's Helen Mar (Mr. E. P. Wilson), 1; Tynemouth, 2; Great Eastern, 0. 4 ran.  
THE SELLING HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. Hadley's Ellerton (Mr. J. Mytton), 1; Justin, 2; Rocket, 3. 7 ran.  
THE GRAND ANNUAL STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. M. G. Stevens's Cartel (E. Davis), 1; Duellist, 2; Earl Marshal, 3. 6 ran.  
THE UNITED HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. W. Wilson's Goldfinder (Mr. E. P. Wilson), 1; Stackpole, 2; Nightshade, 3. 8 ran.

## ABERGAVENNY MEETING.

FRIDAY.

THE WAR-WHOOP HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE.—Hussar, 1; Johanna, 2; Marigold, 3. 4 ran.  
MATCH.—Sutton, 1; Black Bess, 2. 2 ran.  
THE UNITED HUNTERS' FLAT RACE was void.  
SELLING HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Aide de Camp, 1; Gingerbread, 2; Rosebud, 3. 3 ran.  
THE LANTOR HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE was declared void.  
THE LLANDILO CONSOLATION STAKES did not fall.

## 18TH HUSSARS REGIMENTAL MEETING.

SATURDAY.

SCRALTERN'S CUP.—Oxus, 1. 5 ran.  
A MATCH.—Horkaway, 1; The Mule, 2. 2 ran.  
A HUNTERS' PLATE.—La Marjolaine, 1; Humpty Dumpty, 2; Duchess, 3. 6 ran.  
A FARMERS' CUP.—Lifeboat, 1; Flash, 2; Bella, 3. 4 ran.  
REGIMENTAL CHALLENGE CUP.—Lady Louise, 1; La Marjolaine, 2; Kenilworth, 3. 4 ran.  
A MATCH.—Spring Heeled Jack, 1; Lumps and Bumps, 2. 2 ran.  
THE TALLY HO PLATE.—Kenilworth, +; Duchess, +; Sportsman, 3. 5 ran.

## EFSOM SPRING MEETING.

TUESDAY.

THE TRIAL STAKES.—Lord Rosebery's Kaleidoscope (Constable), 1; Placida, 2; Dunmow, 3. 4 ran.  
THE STAMFORD PLATE.—Mr. R. Marsh's San Francisco (Lemaire), 1; Hudibras, 2; Cairngorm, 3. 14 ran.  
A MAIDEN PLATE.—Lord Rosebery's Polly Carew (Constable), 1; Attainder, 2; Siluria filly, 3. 14 ran.

THE CITY AND SUBURBAN HANDICAP of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, and only 5 if declared, with 200 added: the second to receive 50 sovs out of the stakes; winners extra.

Mr. P. Lorillard's Parole, by Imp, Leamington—Maiden, by Lexicon—Kitty Clark, 6 yrs, 8st 7lb (inc 5lb ex) ..... F. Archer 1  
Lord Rosebery's Ridotto, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb ..... Luke 2  
Lord Wilton's Cradle, 6 yrs, 6st 12lb ..... W. Macdonald 3

THE DURDANS STAKES.—Mr. L. Flower's Woodquest (F. Archer), 1; Oxonian, 2; Isolina, 3. 9 ran.

THE WESTMINSTER STAKES.—Captain Macbell's Maraschino (F. Archer), 1; Contadino, 2; Illuminata, 3. 7 ran.

THE CHELSEA PLATE.—Mr. G. Kruckenberg's Storm (Newhouse), 1; United Service, 2; Admiral, 3. 4 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

THE GREAT SURREY HANDICAP.—Colonel Forester's Tower and Sword (Lemaire), 1; Claymore, 2; Little Duck, 3. 8 ran.

THE BEAUFORT STAKES.—Mr. J. Craig's Essayez (Lemaire), 1; Ocean Queen, 2; Gracedrink, 3. 6 ran.

THE PALL MALL STAKES.—Lord Rosebery's Ramsbury (Constable), 1; Baronet, 2; Goshawk, 3. 10 ran.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S STAKES.—Mr. T. Jennings's Paul's Cray (Skerratt), 1; Tower and Sword, 2; Vegetarian, 3. 8 ran.

THE GREAT METROPOLITAN STAKES.—Mr. P. Lorillard's Parole (F. Archer), 1; Castlereagh, 2. 2 ran.

THE RAILWAY STAKES.—Mr. Western's Saltier (T. Cannon), 1; Policy, 2; Anonyma, 3. 5 ran.

THE HYDE PARK PLATE.—Duke of Hamilton's The Song (Custance), 1; Nightcap, 2; Sabella, 3. 9 ran.

A SELLING WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Hunt's Norseman (Custance), 1; Shaft, 2; Ascamus, 3. 8 ran.

MRS MAJESTY'S PLATE.—Lord Rosebery's Ridotto (Constable), 1; Paul's Cray, 2; Knight of Burghley, 3. 6 ran.

## PUNCESTOWN MEETING.

TUESDAY.

THE BISHOPS COURT PLATE.—Sailor Prince, 1; Auburn, 2; Sis, 3. 10 ran.

THE DROGHEDA STAKES.—Latchkey, 1; Thunder Rain, 2; Bijou, 3. 9 ran.

CONYNGHAM CUP.—Yellow Gown, 1; Juno, 2; Malahide, 3. 13 ran.

SELLING PLATE.—Immorata, 1; Volunteer, 2; Coila, 3. 5 ran.

THE IRISH GRAND MILITARY.—Hazel, 1; Advocate, 2; Agitator, 3. 4 ran.

KILDARE HUNT CUP.—Paisan, 1; Derrynane, 2; Harlequin, 3. 8 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

THE FARMERS' CHALLENGE CUP.—Courtown, 1; Newtown, 2; Homer, 3. 27 ran.

THE IRISH GRAND MILITARY HUNTERS' RACE.—Wild Norah, 1; Kitty Wake, 2; Midhat, 3. 7 ran.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HANDICAP.—Lottery, 1; Fair Wind, 2; Rossemore, 3. 10 ran.

RAILWAY PLATE.—Little Duchess, 1; My Mary Anne, 2; Cynthia, 3. 9 ran.

DOWNSHIRE STAKES.—Dick, 1. 4 ran.

## SANDOWN PARK MEETING.

THURSDAY.

THE TRIAL STAKES.—Mr. W. Burton's Bloomfield (T. Lane), 1; Little Stoke, 2; Eastwell, 3. 5 ran.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S PLATE.—Lord Rosebery's Ramsbury (Luke), 1; Tribute, 2; Gaff, 3. 8 ran.

THE WALTON TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE.—Mr. C. Bush's Beverley (C. Wood), 1; Maud, 2; Prudhomme, 3. 16 ran.

THE ESHER STAKES.—Captain Macbell's The Mandarin (F. Archer), 1; Reefer, 2; Vegetarian, 3. 12 ran.

THE TALLY-HO STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. J. Dashwood's Drummer Boy (Mr. R. Shepherd), 1; Laramie, 2; Cock Robin, 3. 10 ran.

THE COUNTY HURDLE RACE.—Mr. J. Nightingall's Bonchurch (R. P. Anson), 1; Nugget, 2; Ignition, 3. 9 ran.

## THIRSK RACES.

THURSDAY.

THE HAMBLETON PLATE.—Mr. Vyner's Miriam (Collins), 1; Blue Bonnet, 2; Nutboy, 3. 10 ran.

THE SHERBURY WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. H. Bragg's Blue Belle (J. Osborne), w.o.; William Tell, +; White Rose, 3. 13 ran.

THE FIRST GREAT YORKSHIRE FOAL STAKES.—Mr. W. Brown's Brown Tom (Bruckshaw), w.o.; Experiment, +; Dominic, 3. 7 ran.

THE ALL-AGED SELLING PLATE.—Mr. Green's Unicorn (Morgan), 1; Owton, 2; Cutler, 3. 12 ran.

THE HUNT CUP.—Mr. Cheshire's Restoration (Mr. Spence), 1; Sykes, 2; Sankey, 3. 4 ran.

HANDICAP HURDLE RACE PLATE.—Adamite, 1; Tamar, 2. 4 ran.

## FOREIGN RACING INTELLIGENCE.

## PARIS SPRING MEETING.

SUNDAY.

PRIX DE MONTRETOUT.—Count de Nicolay's Vertpre (Covey), 1; Vétérin, 2; Quaker, 3. 6 ran.

PRIX DES ACACIAS.—Mr. H. Jennings's Gilbert (Hudson), 1; Paquet, 2; Gamin, 3. Pourquoi (?), 4. 12 ran.

PRIX DE SEVRES.—Count de Lagrange's Courtois (Dodge), 1; Quadrille, 2; Ressuscité, 3. 11 ran.

PRIX RIUSSEC.—Martinavet Stud's Escalier (Covey), 1; Jujube, 2; La Jonchère, 3. 9 ran.

PRIX DU NABOB.—Count de Lagrange's Zut (Goater), 1; Venise, 2; Saltador, 3. 8 ran.

PRIX DE ST. JAMES.—Count F. de Lagrange's Flamande (Kelly), 1; Nubienne, 2; Enjeuleuse, 3. 6 ran.

## STUD NEWS.

WOODLANDS STUD (Mr. Van Haansbergen's), Knitsley Station, Consett Branch, North-Eastern Railway, co. Durham.—Lord Boyne's mare, a colt by Nuneaton, and goes to Argyle; Mr. George Dawson's mare by Grouse, a filly by Due de Beaufort, and put to Argyle; Mr. F. W. Hornby's Speculum mare, a filly by King Lud, and goes to Claremont; Mr. Young's Miss Tatton, by Neptune, a filly by King Lud, and goes to Claremont; Sandstone, by Stockwell, a chestnut colt by Macgregor, and goes to him again; Mr. Jos. Watson's Bee (dam of Drone), by Lord Clifden, a bay filly by Macgregor, and will be put to him again; Miss Emily, by Breadalbane, a chestnut colt by Macgregor, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Macgregor: Mr. J. M. Jennings's Lady Murray, by Blair Athol, in foal to Macgregor; Mr. Clay's mare by Lord Lyon out of Mayonaise, in foal to King Lud; Mr. John Brown's Princess Royal, by Laughing Stock, in foal to Claremont. Arrived to Claremont: Mr. Wilson Fumes's Satisfaction, by Rebus, in foal; and Mr. Hornby's mare, by Bondholder. Arrived to Argyle: Mr. Henderson's mare, Countess, with a foal by Argyle; Mr. C. E. Hunter's mare, a foal by Argyle; Sir John Marjoribanks's Bella Donna, a colt by Argyle.

BONEHILL PADDOCKS, Tamworth.—April 10th, Mr. Hutton's chestnut mare, a brown colt by Pero Gomez, and will be put to him again; 12th, the Bonehill Stud's Mrs. Wolfe, a chestnut colt by Scottish Chief, and will be put to Pero Gomez; 15th, their Vain-Glorious, a brown colt by See Saw, and will be put to Pero Gomez. The following mares have also arrived to Pero Gomez: Mr. Smythe's Gazelle by the Drake; Mr. Cook's Surprise, in foal to Pero Gomez; Mr. P. Anson's Pearl, with a filly by Pero Gomez; Lord Willoughby de Broke's Neroli, with a colt by John Davis; and Mr. Samuda's Light, with a colt by Kingcraft. Arrived to Childeric: Mr. Eyke's Hygeia, with a colt by Brown Bread.

THE STUD COMPANY (LIMITED), Cobham, Surrey.—April 17th, the Marden Deer Park Stud's Mrs. Waller, a bay filly by See Saw, and will be put to Blue Gown; 18th, the Stud Company's Summer's Eve, a bay colt by Carnival, and will be put to See Saw; Mr. R. Peck's the Sloven, a bay filly by Pellegrino, and will be put to George Frederick; Mr. Oldaker's Onyx, a bay colt by Henry, and will be put to Wild Oats; 23rd, the Stud Company's Reginald, a chestnut colt by Blair Athol or George Frederick, and will be put to Wild Oats; the Stud Company's Brisbane, a bay colt by Vedette, and will be put to Blue Gown. Arrived to Blair Athol: April 18th, the Stud Company's Wild Swan. Arrived to Wild Oats: March 17th, Mr. Gosden's Pompano, with foal by Rotherhill. Arrived to Blue Gown: April 21st, Mr. H. J. Bailey's Eliza, with filly by George Frederick; 21st, Mr. C. Wood's Belle of Brixton, with filly by Carnival; 21st, the Stud Company's Lure.

ON Wednesday last (Shakespeare's birthday) a new theatre was opened at Stratford-on-Avon. This theatre is simply the centre group of a series of buildings intended to do honour to Shakespeare, including a gallery, museum, and library. Part of the funds required have been raised by local energy, but a sum of £8,000 has yet to be made up. The members of the Flowers family, so well known in Stratford and in Warwickshire, have rendered great service in collecting £12,000 out of the £20,000 necessary, and it is hoped that the general public will do their part in contributing the remainder. The representative of the Flowers family at the Shakespeare Tercentenary a few years since spent £4,000 in connection with the event, and one of his sons, who is now Mayor of Stratford, is giving £1,000 for every similar sum subscribed towards the building. In next week's ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS notes of the performances, from the pen of our special representative, will appear, with two pages of sketches from the pencil of Mr. A. H. Wall.

## SHAKESPERIANA.

THE SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE OF 1769.—The festive gathering in Stratford-on-Avon which this year marks Shakespeare's birthday by the opening of a handsome little memorial theatre, sends one's thoughts back to similar gatherings in past years, and firstly to the great "Garriek Jubilee of Shakespeare" in September, 1769.

On that occasion an amphitheatre was erected for dramatic performances in the town beside the river, and so far as I can ascertain it seems, singularly enough, to have stood on or very near the site of the new Memorial Theatre, which was opened on Wednesday last.

This Jubilee lasted three days, during which time the numerous visitors and townspeople were entertained with oratorios, balls, masquerades, concerts, pageants, fireworks, and other grand doings. There were amongst other celebrities of that day there assembled Foote, Colman, and Boswell (of Johnsonian renown), the latter in the appropriate (?) dress of a Corsican chief, wearing a cap, bearing in letters of gold the not less appropriate (?) inscription *Viva la Liberta*, and distributing verses from his own poetic pen, in which he took the liberty of complimenting most politely Mr. Garriek. The Jubilee Amphitheatre, of which I give a slight sketch, was a wooden building constructed as appropriate to the occasion (in a Boswellian sense) after the plan of that in the fashionable gardens of Ranelagh. The Jubilee had its origin in the cutting down of Shakespeare's mulberry tree by that wealthy Goth of a clergyman who had purchased New Place for his residence. The tree, said to have been planted by Shakespeare, was in high repute amongst the townspeople, and their rage at its destruction was proportionately great. It was promptly purchased by a carpenter in Stratford, who, making the best of a bad job, ingeniously, and with the same Boswellian sense of appropriateness, cut it into pieces for the manufacture of toy trunks, snuff-boxes, tea chests, standishes, tobacco-stoppers, &c., of which it yielded a prodigious crop. Several of these were purchased by the Corporation of Stratford for preservation, and in one, a box, they enclosed the freedom of their town for presentation to David Garriek, Esq., the great Shakespearean actor in London, which was appropriate in other than a Boswellian sense. In response to this mark of respect came "the Garriek Jubilee of Shakspeare" as afore-said.

One of the features of this Jubilee, according to Mr. Thomas Davies, was the decoration of "a small old house where Shakespeare was born" by covering it over with an emblematical transparency representing the sun struggling through clouds to enlighten the world. Another was a grand procession of Shakespeare's characters personated by actors and others in costumes from Drury Lane and other theatres. Another some new music by Dr. Arne, "who combined" says Davies, "all the powers of harmony to do justice to the subject."

The Jubilee was not fortunate in one respect, for, although it was patronised by rank and talent, and by "many persons of the highest quality assembled from all parts of the kingdom," as well as by "the most celebrated beauties of the age," the rain, which respects neither persons nor occasions in this free land, fell in frequent and heavy showers, which the ignorant of Stratford held to be a judgment upon the wickedness of those who paid such honours to a clever old play-actor.

SHAKESPEARE'S CRAB TREE.—The probability of Shakespeare's bacchanalian adventure at Bidford with the toppers and sippers of that village rests upon certain circumstantial evidence, which may be summed up with sufficient brevity for this column. In the first place, the tree itself had stood for centuries. Then it is known that there used anciently to be a kind of mock corporation at Bidford, of which the toppers, or heavy drinkers, were considered to be aldermen, and the sippers, or more moderate drinkers, the burgesses. Bidford, so far back as recorded memories can carry us—about two hundred and fifty years—was always famous for its many feasting and much drinking, and for being the scene of Shakespeare's bacchanalian defeat. In the *British Magazine* for June, 1762, No. 31, page 301, is the following, dated June 7, 1762, and from Stratford-on-Avon:—

"Alluding to mine host of the White Lion Inn, he says, finding me a great admirer of Shakespeare, he took me on the road to a place called Bidford, and showed me in the hedge a crab-tree, called 'Shakespeare's Canopy,' because under it our poet slept one night, for he, as well as Ben Jonson, loved a glass for the pleasure of society; and he, having heard much of the men of the village as deep drinkers and merry fellows, one day went over to Bidford to take a cup with them. He inquired of a shepherd for the Bidford drinkers" (the toppers?), "who replied they were absent, but the sippers were at home, 'and, I suppose,' continued the sheepkeeper, 'they will be sufficient for you;' and so, indeed, they were. He was forced to take up his lodgings under that tree for some hours."

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1794, vol. 64, records the same story. So does Ireland's *Warwickshire Avon*, published in 1795, giving with it an engraving of the ancient, lonely crab-tree; and Mr. Charles Frederic Green, in an illustrated volume devoted specially to its consideration, and published in 1822, says, as the result of personal inquiry, he ascertained that the tradition had been in existence for two hundred years. In a poem by Sir Aston Cockayne—a famous Warwickshire sportsman—written in 1658, and dedicated to Mrs. Clement Fisher, of Wincote, we read:—

Shakspeare your Wincote ale hath much renowned;  
That foxed a beggar that by chance was found  
Sleeping; there needed not a word  
To make him believe he was a lord.  
But you affirm, and it seems most eager,  
'Twill make a lord as drunk as any beggar:  
Bid Norton brew such ale as Shakspeare fancies,  
Did put Kit Sly into such lordly trances;  
And let us meet there for a fit of gladness,  
And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness.

These quaint lines, coupled with the fact that the Falcon Inn at Bidford, where according to the tradition Shakespeare got so drunk, was kept in Shakespeare's time by one Norton, Mr. Green receives as helping "to thicken other proofs that do demonstrate thinly" the truth of the Crab-tree Shakespearean legend, more particularly as he actually saw the very sign of the rudely-painted Falcon, "or on a field gules surmounted with the arms of the Skipworth family, who were then the lords of the manor of Bidford." Mr. Green, of Stratford, himself first saw the Crab-tree in 1814, and recognised as the same depicted in the above mentioned engraving. In the autumn of 1816 the stormy wind blew down many of its stalwart boughs, and year by year it lost others, until in 1823 it presented the appearance shown in my sketch from a very careful drawing of it made in that year by Mr. Green himself. The remains of its decayed trunk were carefully removed for preservation to Bidford Grange on December 4, 1824.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH-PLACE IN 1769.—This is from the oldest view we have of the birth-place, a print in the British Museum, and it probably represents it as it was in Shakespeare's time. John Shakespeare purchased it in 1574 from Edmund Hall, after he had lived in it three years, and its price was £40—then a goodly sum. It then consisted of "two messuages, two gardens,



two orchards, with their appurtenances," and was a fitting residence for one so thriving and honoured.

**THE OLD MARKET CROSS AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.**—This relic of Shakespeare's time of the old market-house sheltering a portion of the still more ancient Market Cross, was taken down in 1827.

**HOUSE BOUGHT BY SHAKESPEARE IN BLACKFRIARS.**—The site of this house is within a stone's throw of Messrs. Judd's great printing works on St. Andrew's Hill, and close beside St. Andrew's Church. It was bought by Shakespeare from Henry

Walker in March, 1604, when it was described as "abutting upon a streete leading down to Puddle Wharffe on the east part, right against the Kinge's Majestic's wardrobe." When Shakespeare had paid off the whole of the purchase-money (£140) he made a lease of the tenement to John Robinson, in which family it remained nearly to the close of 1847.

**HOUSE IN STRATFORD, BOUGHT BY SHAKESPEARE IN 1602.**—This house stood in Dead-lane, afterwards re-christened Chapel-lane, and now known as Walker's-street. It was close to New Place, and was purchased by the poet of Walter Getley. The

document of surrender is now in the Shakespeare Museum, dated September 28th, 1602.

**BUST OF SHAKESPEARE IN TERRA COTTA FROM THE DUKE'S THEATRE.**—This bust was some years ago presented to the Garrick Club by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. It appears to have been executed to stand, with another bust of Ben Jonson, over the stage-door of the old Duke's Theatre, in Portugal-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, which was built in 1662 for the company of players known as servants to James, Duke of York, brother to Charles II. The building—of which we have already



DISTURBERS OF THE PEACE.

given an engraving—ceased to be a theatre in 1737. It was converted into a china warehouse by Messrs. Spode and Copeland, and was pulled down for the enlargement of the Museum of the College of Surgeons in or near 1846, at which time the busts were discovered and removed. By some strange chance it appears that they had long been bricked in and forgotten. One of the workmen broke that of Ben Jonson, but the Shakespeare bust was rescued by Mr. Clift, from whose hands it passed into those of his son, Professor Owen, of whom it was purchased by the Duke of Devonshire. A cast from it is pre-

served at the Crystal Palace. The bust appears to have been executed in the reign of Charles I., when many of Shakespeare's friends and play-companions were living.

**THE BOUNDARY ELM, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.**—This tree is mentioned in a perambulation dated 1591. It stood near Shakespeare's birthplace, and beyond doubt he often stood or played beneath its sheltering branches. It died of old age in 1848.

On SATURDAY afternoon a largely attended meeting of owners and occupants of land in East Kent was held at the Fountain

Hotel, Canterbury, under the presidency of Mr. Deedes, M.P., to finally determine in reference to the mastership of the foxhounds, the Earl of Guilford having definitely declined to continue in that position. It was announced that Mr. M'Kenzie, a gentleman living at Eyethorne, was willing to fill the vacant post, find kennels, horses, and hounds, and hunt the country three days a week, as now, provided subscriptions were guaranteed to him to meet other expenses. Mr. M'Kenzie's offer was unanimously accepted, and hearty promises of support were given.



## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

SOME years back Mr. Edgar Bruce essayed the management of the Haymarket Theatre for a short season, which, considering the fact that he was fortunate enough to be able to produce *Brighton*—then in the zenith of its popularity, with Mr.



Master Charles Wyndham's  
latest little joke —

Wyndham as the irrepressible hero of that comedy—must have proved a remunerative if not altogether successful campaign of some six weeks. Mr. Bruce next made his appearance as manager of the Globe with the redoubtable "Jo" of Miss Jennie Lee. Here he fostered English art with considerable success, just so long as he had about him clever people with a good playing drama. Then comes to the mind of the youthful



Mr Bruce clings to "The Zoo"

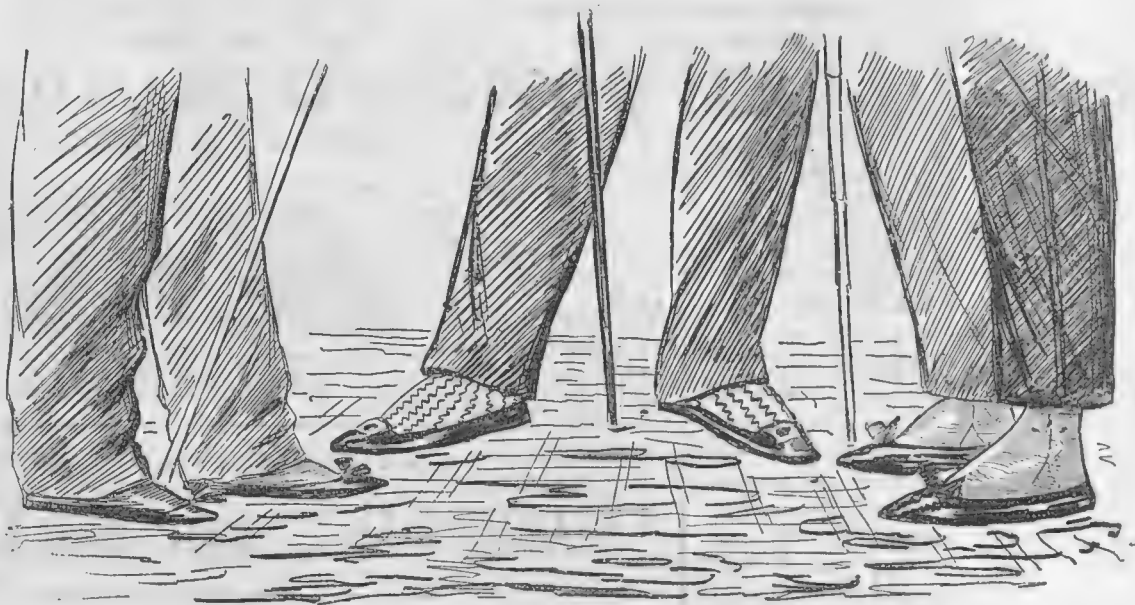
manager an idea—such an idea!—that with a very ordinary company he can play chief part and keep the town in a blaze of theatrical excitement with very inadequate performances. Presently is produced a drama entitled *Percy*, with the amateur author appearing as an amateur actor in the principal part: here sublimity at once reached the ridiculous, and Mr. Bruce's occupation as a manager who could really grasp the requirements of an ordinary audience was from this time, if not completely

gone, so feeble and tottering as to require all the fortitude of friendship, even for personal acquaintances to show their noses within the walls of his theatre. Mr. Bruce then disappears from the managerial world for a period, and after playing fitfully in certain parts, he again turns up (under the auspices of, I believe, Mr. Charles Wyndham) as manager of the Royalty Theatre. This he opens with a comedy by a yet untried dramatic author, under the taking, but ephemeral, title



Miss Lottie Venn in "Crutch and Toothpick"

of *Crutch and Toothpick*. Mr. Sims, the author of this smart comedy, is well known to a large contingent of the undercurrent of subscribers to Sunday papers by his *nom de plume* of "Dagonet;" to a smaller constituency he is known as the translator of Balzac, whose "Merry Tales" he turned into English most admirably. As a dramatist, until Easter Monday, when *Crutch and Toothpick* was produced at the Royalty, he was unknown. This "comedy of the day," I think he calls it (I have lost my programme), makes no attempt at finish—from the first you can see what the ultimate result will be—to the various characters engaged in it. The tale is a plain, unvarnished



"Pumps."

one, without any attempt at concealment or surprise, and was scarcely worth a visit to the French Dramatic Library to obtain, as it is as plentiful on the shelves of Lacey in the form of "Screaming Farces," "Humorous Comediettas," etc. Of course Mr. Edgar Bruce takes the leading part, which is that of a dashing young man of fashion; in this he is, perhaps, more funny than he gives himself credit for. His airy style is a thin shadow of what Mr. Wyndham—his great model—has been successful in. A style that, in its perfection, was wrapped up in the shroud with Charles Mathews. Mr. Glover, a new comer, who brings promising credentials from the North with him, plays the part of a self-made City man, who is blessed with two lovely daughters and cursed with one son-in-law and another coming on, both Knights of the *Crutch and Toothpick*. The old man likes large hands and people who work, and very naturally, under the cir-

cumstances, objects to small hands and idleness. This gives rise to unpleasantness, and a matter of mistaken identity regarding a little flirtation at the "Hall by the Sea," all brought about by the caddish conduct of the old gentleman in opening a letter directed to his son-in-law, which is really intended for a little tailor who has assumed his patron's name for purposes of gallantry. Mr. Glover plays the part with considerable vigour. Mr. Lytton Sothorn assumes the light comedy part of a



Mr Lytton Sothorn as a  
"Crutch and Toothpick"

thoroughbred *Crutch and Toothpick*; and has some capita scenes with Miss Lottie Venn, who is really the charm of the whole performance. Her "tips" as to stock, culled from overhearing her father talk about tallow, soft soap, &c., are given in an irresistible manner. Miss Rose Cullen plays the leading lady's part, but she is neither sufficiently strong or serious in her style to give it due importance. There are two little bits of character acting well worthy of notice. The one is a lazy footman, played by Mr. Horatio Saker; the other a fusty itinerant stationery vendor, admirably made up by Mr. Des-

mond. Talking of crutches and toothpicks reminds me of some notes I made in the lobby of the theatre the other night. The "pumps" worn by the gentlemen, who also wear crutch-sticks, are becoming truly marvellous, as also are the socks worn under them, which in many cases are amply shown by hitching up of the pantaloons to an unusual shortness. *Crutch and Toothpick* is followed (not for long, I should think), by the musical piece known as *The Zoo*, which made an appearance at the St. James's Theatre some years ago. The music is by Arthur Sullivan, and in some places is pretty, or, at least, was when originally played, but now, in the hands of incompetent persons, it fails to flicker. The whole affair is intended for quiet humour, but only succeeds in being boisterous melancholy. Miss Lottie Venn does what she can with the chief part of the trifle, but has no assistance in the matter even from Mr. Bruce,



who plays a very idiotic part even more idiotically than is necessary.

I have received the following characteristic letter from M. Marius:—

"Dear Captious Critic,—Of course I feel flattered highly to see my portrait in your notice, and more so to be compared to a wall-poster. But, why?—oh! why a moustache? Why remind me of that ornament that caused me so many tears and sighs when I had to part with it? Besides which, oh Captious Critic! *Madame Favart* belongs to the Louis XVth period, and none but an officer (of the Garde Française) had a right to wear such appendages. Unless I receive from you a most humble apology I will immediately communicate my solicitor (?), and commence an action for libel.—As ever, your

"CHARLES FAVART, alias MARIUS."

I would not like to spoil M. Marius's beauty to any greater extent than by inadvertently giving him a moustache. So the less said about apologies the better! But I must add that I know him to be too good an artist to wear any facial decoration when it was incorrect: would that some of our actors would imitate his example. I must therefore thank him for his correction. But apology!—where is my pick-axe?

## ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

POSTPONED from Easter Tuesday, owing to the heavy snow, the annual Notts Colts Match was resumed and concluded on Saturday last, the result being a draw by no means adverse to the neophytes. In their first innings the Colts secured 177, of which A. M. Wood, of Nottingham, contributed 37; H. Tyers, Rudington, 22; and W. Wright, Hucknall Torkard, 30; and in their second 89, for the loss of fifteen wickets, Wright, 11; E. Gregg, Nottingham, 10; J. C. Hind, Calverton, 19; and T. Gregg, Wilford, 14, being top scorers. For the eleven, A. Shrewsbury 20, Mr. W. F. Story 27, and J. Mills 20, were the principal contributors. Flowers and Selby took 6 wickets each in the first innings, Shaw 5, Osocroft 3, and Barnes 1, whilst in the second essay Shaw took 9, Flowers 3, and Barnes 1. No fewer than seventeen of the twenty-two were allowed to try their hands with the leather, and Wright came out well with 5 wickets, 7 overs, 11 maidens, and 11 runs, Tyers getting 3 wickets and Wood 1. Wright is a left-arm performer, and as he is a real good all-round man, either with the ball, bat, or in the field, I look for him to make his mark during the ensuing season.

On Saturday last the London Athletic Club held their first spring meeting at Stamford Bridge. H. Venn was unopposed for the Seven Miles Walking Challenge Cup, and H. R. Ball and F. B. Montague must have only opposed Hazen-Wood in the Half-Mile for the sake of seeing their names in print, as neither of them went the distance. Three started for the Ten Miles Challenge Cup—viz., G. Mawby, H. Stenning, and C. H. Mason—and only the first-named was left in at the half-distance, and was then told he might stop. H. Crossley was opposed by H. Allan and C. C. Clarke for the 100 Yards Challenge Cup, and he had to run a bit to win by half a yard, in 10½ sec. C. L. Lockton won the Members' 120 Yards Handicap from scratch, in 12 3/5 sec, and this left four events open to the members of other clubs, all of which were well patronised. H. L. Cortis, Wanderers B.C., scratch, won the One Mile Bicycle Handicap by two yards from H. Baker, Druids B.C., 170 yards, he being but a foot in advance of J. R. Hamilton, Druids B.C., 105 yards, who was third; time, 3min 3sec. In the Two Miles Walking Handicap W. J. Green, Hampstead Harriers, 1min start, won very easily from the scratch man, R. Combs, L.A.C.; time, 16min 48sec. N. Turner, L.A.C., thrown in with 24 yards, cantered away with the 600 Yards Handicap (time, 1min 14 4/5 sec), as did Mason-Smith, L.A.C., 25sec, in the Three Miles Steeplechase. As usual, the arrangements of the brothers Waddell left nothing to be desired.

Notwithstanding the counter attractions of the L. A. C. meeting, the popularity of the Blackheath Harriers was firmly established by the fact that no fewer than twenty-two well-known cross-country runners put in an appearance for the Six-and-a-half Miles Open Steeplechase, the first prize for which was presented by S. F. Weall, a well-known athlete. G. F. Harris, S.L.H., 1min 10sec start, won in 46min 52sec; A. H. Davies, 1min 30sec, and W. W. Harris, 40sec, both of the Blackheath Harriers, being second and third.

The third annual steeplechase, distance about 3½ miles, in connection with the Buffaloes Football Club, was also decided the same afternoon. F. Smith, scratch, ran very gamely, but could never reach T. Bradsell, 2½min start, who won easily by a hundred yards; time, 38min 45sec. Yet another competition was taking place on the same afternoon, the Isledon Harriers deciding their fifth Members Handicap, victory resting with C. Moffatt, 3min 50sec start, who won by 20 yards from J. E. Kemp, 4min 30sec; H. C. Longman, 3min 30sec, being third.

Spencer was unequal to the task of defeating Kempster in their match for 200 sovs aside over the championship course last Monday, but the Chelsea man did not disgrace my selection. So sanguine were the supporters of the Londoner, that they opened by freely laying 7 to 4 on their men, and so much money was forthcoming at that price that the north-countrymen stood aloof until they obtained the substantial odds of 2 to 1, and once I saw as much as 5 to 1 laid against the Sunderland sculler. The race was one of the grandest ever witnessed up to a certain point, but even when palpably beaten Spencer would not cut it, struggling on in the gamest manner possible.

Plenty of sport took place on the river last Saturday; the Ilex opened their season with some scratch eights, the Twickenham R.C. decided their spring fours, the Occidental R.C. (late London United) an eight-oared race, the Grove Park R.C. their club fours, and the Waldegrave R.C. their trial fours, besides a number of lesser events.

Professional sport of every species again and again receives a blow which fairly staggers it. Such is the result of a bicycling contest at Sheaf House, Sheffield, last Saturday, when a twenty-five miles contest, for it was said £25, took place. Cann, the crack rider, was at scratch, having to give away starts up to 8 min. He caught all but R. Rushby, of Sheffield, 2min. start, who won easily, and is reported to have ridden as fast as the scratch man. When the top of the tree gives cause for suspicion, how can second and third-raters be expected to do better?

I shall leave all comments on the walking match for another week.

Gale continues his weary tramp of 2,500 miles in 1,000 hours, and unless he breaks down, will, by a quarter to eleven on Saturday evening, have walked 1,572 miles. He is wonderfully well, and it may interest some of my readers to know that he completed his 47th birthday on Monday last. There is no doubt that the plucky pedestrian will succeed, despite the fact that the management of the promoters, or rather the working members, has been of a most insane character, which, combined with the bad weather, would have broken the heart of any ordinary man. Together with Gale, and my confrère Mr. Mason, I beg to return thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, proprietor and his wife, of the Victoria Skating Rink and Gardens, where we are performing, for many kind attentions. Bradford or Bristol will be our next stoppage.

Harry Parker had a most successful benefit on Monday evening. W. Bunn, 31 secs. start, won the 108 yards handicap, and Mr. Ede's celebrated dog "Now Then" and the *beneficiare* gave "shows."

EXON.

The Otter Swimming Club opened their season on Friday last, the 18th inst, at their headquarters, the Marylebone Baths, on which occasion they celebrated their tenth annual general meeting. Mr. Sidney Willis was unanimously re-elected Hon. Sec. Dr. Staples is again President. Mr. H. J. Green has undertaken the duties of handicapper, and the following are the committee for the ensuing year: Messrs. G. H. Rope, H. J. Green, J. J. Rope, Percy Moore, W. J. Don Bavand, R. C. Hammond, R. Newman, M. D. Rücker, and F. Sachs. Mr. H. J. Barron is captain, having won the race entitling him to that post in August last. The hon. sec. read a most satisfactory report of last season's doings, and a vote of thanks to the chairman (Mr. J. J. Rope) closed the proceedings.

LAWNS AND CRICKET GROUNDS.—Messrs. Sutton and Sons have forwarded us a pamphlet which has a special interest at this time of year for all owners and occupiers of land, whether lawns, parks, cricket grounds, or, in fact, any spots where good grass is an ornament or a necessity. The pamphlet gives instruction as to what seeds to sow, with directions for their use.

The Ranelagh Club, Fulham, re-opens on May 1st, when the new cricket ground will be ready for use.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

### MISS FLORENCE TERRY.

THE young lady whose portrait adorns the front page, is the youngest daughter of an exceptionally gifted family. In days gone by Miss Kate Terry held a position second to none upon the stage. At the present time there is no actress who holds her audience in her hand, to move them to tears and smiles at her will, with such strange—such almost magic—power as that so plenteously displayed by Miss Ellen Terry. The great word genius must be carefully used—the more carefully because it is often so cruelly misapplied. But that the rare gift has been bestowed upon Miss Ellen Terry is, we think, the universal opinion among those whose judgment is worth most. Miss Marion Terry worthily upholds the grand reputation her sisters have made, and Miss Florence Terry gives ample proof that she has inherited that skill which distinguishes her family. In writing of the performance of Mr. Wills' singularly unequal play of *Ellen*, the critic of the *Standard* observed that at times Miss Florence strongly reminded sympathetic listeners of her elder sister—Miss Ellen Terry. No higher praise could well be given, and no slighter praise would have done justice to the merits of the representation. Being young, Miss Florence Terry has necessarily much to learn; but her grasp of the exceedingly difficult character which Mr. Wills had sketched out with such marked ability (until to the despair of his admirers it became wild and ridiculous in the last act) proved that her dramatic instinct was the same as that which has made her sisters famous. Miss Florence Terry's future performances will be regarded with the deepest interest by all who have at heart the better interests of the stage.

### AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

It is not for nothing that those keen eyes peer into the thick covert, and that the gamekeeper's old-fashioned gun, that did duty for his father before him—how strange the ramrod looks to modern eyes!—is raised while the thumb draws back to full cock. A rustle in the undergrowth has attracted the gamekeeper's attention. He does not want to go home empty-handed, and possibly he has looked about in vain, or anything better than a rabbit; for we may imagine that the portrait of our friend was taken in mid-winter, when birds have grown wild, and hares either scamper off at a distant alarm or sit so close that you must almost tread on them before they will start. There is something astir in the thicket, however, for his ear is not easily deceived, and, old as the gun may be, if its owner has a fair fifty yards' chance at whatever is on foot or on the wing, the odds are in his favour. The original of our illustration is in the possession of Mr. Holland.

### "THE DRAGOONS."

Madame Selina Dolaro has recovered from the indisposition which seriously interfered with her success at the opening performance of Maillart's charming opera, *The Dragoons*, and is now able to sing all the music of her rôle, much to the advantage of the *ensemble*. The opera now goes smoothly, and the taking melodies and diverting plot delight every listener. The illustration presents a scene which those who have visited the Folly Theatre will at once recognise.

### "NOT EXACTLY A HUNTER."

Mr. Sturgess's drawing in the present issue is an illustration of an incident in Rapier's "Sketch in the Hunting Field," published in the last number. Little Bill Heigh, who was destined to be the famous huntsman of the Meadowmere hounds—from the followers of which pack most of the Sketches are taken—is trying to persuade a troublesome pony, Kicking Peggy, on whose back he learnt the rudiments of horsemanship, to jump a rail and ditch. Farmer Maizeley, who in his late days figured in No. V. of these "Sketches," has pulled up to see the fun, and is sarcastically observing to Bill that the obstreperous pony is "Not exactly a hunter." For details of the incidents which spring from the young farmer's offer to give the plucky young enthusiast a mount on a real hunter and a day with the hounds, we may refer our readers to the last number of this Journal, simply observing that Mr. Sturgess has, with his usual keenness of comprehension, admirably realised the spirit of the scene, as described in No. XIII. of "Rapier's" Sketches.

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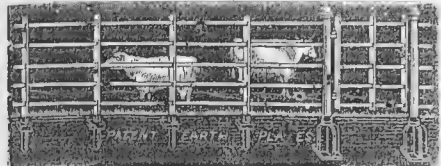
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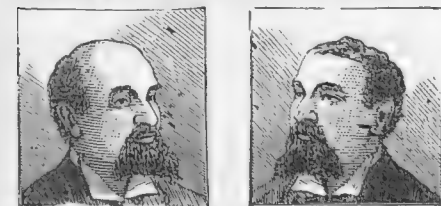


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Important sale of first-class horses.—In consequence of Messrs. Anderson and Sheward's retirement from business.

**MESSRS. TATTERSALL** have received instructions to SELL by AUCTION, on FRIDAY and SATURDAY, May 2 and 3, upon the premises, without reserve, the entire stock of about 100 superior HORSES of every description, which have been carefully selected, and many of them purchased direct from the breeders at high prices. Gentlemen in search of valuable horses, either as hunters, hacks, or high-stepping harness horses, will find this such an opportunity as does not often occur.

Full particulars will be given in catalogues, which will be ready in about a week's time.

The sale at Green-street will take place on Friday, May 2, when the Lease and Goodwill of the Business will be put up for sale.

The horses for hunting and steeplechase purposes will be sold at Mapesbury Farm, Willesden, on Saturday, May 3, when the lease and goodwill will also be offered for sale.

All further particulars will appear in the catalogue.

No horses will be sold privately after this date.

## THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL SALE OF THE QUORN HORSES.

**MESSRS. TATTERSALL** have received instructions from J. Coupland, Esq., to SELL by AUCTION, near Albert-gate, Hyde Park, on MONDAY, May 19, FORTY FIRST-CLASS HORSES, regularly hunted, ten hacks and harness horses.

Further particulars in future papers.

## THURSDAY'S SALES.

**MESSRS. TATTERSALL** beg to give NOTICE that their THURSDAY'S SALES will COMMENCE on APRIL 24, and be continued throughout the season. Horses having stalls taken must be sent in on the Tuesday previous by 2 o'clock, or the stalls will be filled up.

Albert Gate, Knightsbridge, March 22, 1879.

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**HUNTERS and STUDS, THURSDAY NEXT.** May 1st, by AUCTION, at One o'clock, at CAVE'S, MOSELEY STREET, BIRMINGHAM (The Old Beardsworth's).

Gentlemen having Hunters to dispose of are invited to send them to any of the Weekly Thursday sales. Hunters are offered every Thursday at One. Stalls should be engaged early.

N.B.—Harness at Eleven; carriages about Three.

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## SECOND SPRING MEETING

Will take place on (This day) FRIDAY, and (To-morrow) SATURDAY, April 25th, 26th, Commencing at 2 o'clock each day. Frequent Trains from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, and other Stations are advertised. A Special Train for members only will leave Waterloo Station from No. 5 Platform at 12.30 each day.

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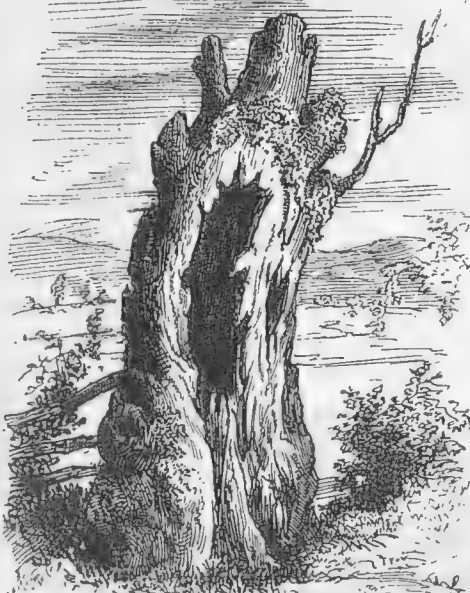


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MEDAL, for "Great Excellence of Design and Workmanship," London, 1862.

HORS CONCOURS, Paris, 1867.

GOLD MEDAL OF HONOUR for "Improvements in English Furniture," Paris, 1855.

PRIZE MEDAL, Great Exhibition, London, 1851.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## DRAMATIC.

P. T. O.—Little *Em'ly* was dramatised from "David Copperfield," by the late Mr. Andrew Halliday, with the approval of its famous author, the late Charles Dickens.

W. B.—Mr. Hartley retired from the stage soon after, and became landlord of the Golden Lion at Stratford-on-Avon, where he had a large collection of theatrical portraits.

P. T. O. (No. 2).—Mr. Albert Smith dramatised *The Battle of Life* from the proof sheets of the story, and the late Mr. Charles Dickens superintended the rehearsals. It was brought out by Mrs. Keeley, at the Lyceum Theatre, in 1846.

J. HOOPER.—The late Mr. S. Sawford was playing at Manchester immediately before he made his appearance, at what was then the Britannia Saloon, and is now the Britannia Theatre, as Pizarro.

DIDO.—1. Miss Kelly's theatre was first opened in March, 1841. 2. We have already answered the same question twice.

SIDE-SCENE.—1. Mrs. Hudson Kirby played under the name of Miss Melville. 2. The answer was correct. 3. After Madame Vestris left the Lyceum it was re-opened under the management of Miss Kate Howard, with burlettas, farces, and burlesques. The season was not remunerative. It remained closed for some little time afterwards, and was again opened under the management of Mr. George Bolton. 4. A provincial manager, named Abington, opened the Queen's Theatre in Tottenham-street, but only for a few nights, in 1846.

V. W. X.—We did not see the notice, but we think it would be difficult to speak too highly of Miss Florence St. John's acting. *Madame Favart* is sure to enjoy a long run.

## SPORTING.

EDWARD COOPER.—We can find no trace of the mare you name: Lord Glasgow's *Clarissa* was foaled in 1846, and the Stud Book makes mention of no other mare of that name.

J. STRIKE.—"Childers" ran four miles in six minutes and forty-eight seconds, carrying 9st 2lb.

GRACE DARLING.—The balustrades of old London Bridge were removed to Herne Bay, where they formed part of a new pier then in course of construction. A song was made on the occasion, one verse of which ran:—

"London Bridge is come to Herne Bay  
By the directors sent;  
Giving, yes, so the wise ones say,  
Antiquity to Kent."

PHYSICIAN.—The Old Club at Melton Mowbray was established by Lord Forrester and Lord Delamere.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

M. L.—The Rev. W. Harness in his "Literary Life" (1871) says:—"I was acquainted with Lady Byron as Miss Milbank," and adds, "She was almost the only young pretty well-dressed young girl we ever saw, who carried no cheerfulness along with her. I seem to see her now, moving slowly along in her mother's drawing-rooms, talking to scientific men and literary women, without a tone of emotion in her voice or the faintest glimpse of a smile upon her countenance. A lady who had been on intimate terms with her from their mutual childhood, once said to me, 'If Lady Byron has a heart, it is deeper seated and harder to get at than anybody else's heart whom I have ever known.' And though several of my friends, whose regard it was no slight honour to have gained—as Mrs. Siddons, Joanna Bailie, Maria Edgeworth, and others of less account—were never heard to speak of Lady Byron, except in terms of admiration and attachment, it is certain that the impression which she produced on the majority of her acquaintance was unfavourable: they looked upon her as a reserved and frigid sort of being, whom one would rather cross the road to avoid than be brought into conversation with unnecessarily."

POLITICIAN.—There was a similar saying of Lord Macleod's, who was a thoughtful man and an experienced soldier. When it was proposed to suddenly send him as Commander-in-Chief against Hyder Aly Cawn, the Regent of Mysore, in, if we remember rightly, 1769, he pointed out that the enemy had a force of 80,000 men, all fully prepared for the field, and that we had a greatly inferior force improperly equipped. He declined to accept the command, but offered to march instantly at the head of his own regiment, adding: "I have been a great many years in the service, and I have always observed that when you despise your enemy he generally gives you a d—d rap over the knuckles." The Ministers ignored his warning, which in the sequel, as you may know, proved awfully prophetic.

E. O. M.—The author of the article in *Majfair* on Artists' Models, in stating that the model gets a shilling an hour for sitting, evidently did not know that a sitting is usually considered to be of at least five hours' duration and is paid for accordingly, although it frequently does not last longer than a couple of hours, is sometimes shorter, and occasionally the model receives five shillings for merely keeping an appointment, when the artist is accidentally prevented from giving the sitting. Some models make larger incomes than many of the artists to whom they sit.

R. PERTINGTON.—Yes. In "Pierce Egan's Book of Sports" it is recorded that a man named Burke rode express to obtain the assistance of Mr. O'Connell as counsel, from Cork to the widest part of Kerry, a distance of ninety miles, over roads of the most rugged description, and partly mountainous, between five o'clock on a Saturday evening and half-past eight o'clock on the Sunday morning; and, after two hours' rest, rode the same horse back. This shows a ride of 180 Irish miles performed within thirty-eight hours!

E. PATSEY.—According to Mr. Kingston Oliphant, there are about twenty-seven great historic houses that were established by Earls, the greater part of them being those founded at the time of the Conquest, the greater few of them received their earldom from the Conqueror. The Earls of Albemarle died out in the twelfth, and four great historic earldoms ceased to exist in the thirteenth, century. Edward III. swept away seven, amongst which were Clare, Bigod, and Bohun. The last Earl of March died in 1421, the last Earl of Salisbury at the siege of Orleans, just before the appearance of Joan of Arc, and the last Beauchamp of Warwick passed away in 1415. Only twelve of these ancient historic families were repre-

sented in the Wars of the Roses, and of these, before their close, died out Mowbray of Norfolk, Bromflete, Harington, Scales and Sudley, Bonville, Tiploft, Earl of Worcester, Holland, Duke of Exeter, Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, Lord Lovell, and many other of the old historic houses.

## THE ILLUSTRATED

## Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1879.

## BOOKMAKERS IN COUNCIL.

DELAYS and procrastinations in connection with the settlement of disputes continually referred to the committee of Tattersall's have long seriously affected the well-being of the Turf as sources of shame and scandal disfiguring our racing administration; and it was certainly high time that combined action should be taken in the matter. Appeals to the dilatory tribunal by individuals through the medium of the press have long apparently fallen upon deaf ears; at any rate these complaints have had no substantial effect in abrogating, or even in lessening, a very palpable grievance, and the committee have only seen fit to move at uncertain intervals, and upon those rare occasions when a quorum was present at their meetings. It has long been evident that this highly unsatisfactory state of things could not be permitted to continue; but who was to bell the cat, or stir up to action the noble, honourable, and honorary fellowship of arbitrators? The tribunal, from its very composition, could not be expected to work satisfactorily, seeing that its members were answerable to no one for their decisions, which were final and irrevocable, and were, moreover, self-elected, a court of honour to be held in the highest respect in point of excellent intentions, but altogether too fortuitously constituted to command the confidence of those who submitted their cases to its ruling. Theoretically nothing could be more desirable than the *mitis sapientia* of unpaid judges of high position and unquestionable probity; but in practice the result has been a dismal failure, and it is notorious that the flame has smouldered for some length of time which has at length burst forth in the shape of an appeal by leading bookmakers to Tattersall's Committee to add to their number, so as to be able to make certain of a quorum assembling whenever their services should be called into requisition. It is not asked that the area of their jurisdiction should be increased, nor that their constitution should be changed; all that is sought to be obtained is, that speedy decisions should be forthcoming when needed, and that the racing public should not be played fast and loose with by a self-elected coterie, too idle or careless to fulfil the functions they virtually undertook upon their election on the committee. In many cases it has been weeks, months, nay, years before settlements over disputed races could be adjusted, and then the whole machinery of speculation has been put out of gear, and a door has been opened by which many fraudulently inclined have contrived to escape from their liabilities, and thus the incentives to vexatious objections have from time to time increased. The delays of Chancery are as nothing compared to those attendant upon undecided Turf causes, and these latter are rendered more difficult to settle ultimately, not being matters of record, but in most cases of oral evidence and testimony. Thus we have shown that a most palpable grievance exists, and if the action taken by members of the Victoria Club is productive of any relief, these individuals will deserve the thanks of the racing community. They have wisely limited their request in the first instance to a suggestion made to Tattersall's Committee to add to their numbers, than which nothing can be more reasonable, since they base their requisition, not on the unfitness of the committee as at present constituted to adjudicate upon the various points before them, but on the insufficiency of their numerical strength, which cannot, in many instances, furnish forth the necessary quorum for the transaction of business. The reputation of the noblemen and gentlemen of the committee is high enough, but probably many of them are in the habit of leaving what has to be done to certain delegates among them, and it is certain that too small a proportion of the "decemviri" are at the present time actively enough engaged in Turf pursuits to care to turn their minds to the interpretation of the laws and ordinances affecting the racing republic. About a moiety of them have horses in training at present, and these mostly men of less ripener years and matured judgment than we could wish for as adjudicators upon the very nice points so frequently arising in connection with their duties as judges. These are all arguments for an extension of this racing court of appeal, and this point once gained it must be matter for subsequent consultation and argument as to what manner of men shall be summoned to supply existing deficiencies. Here the requisitionists have wisely decided to draw the line of suggestion, contenting themselves with tapping the root of the evil; and we think they would have acted more wisely still had they hesitated to divulge to the public a hint even of their further ideas, which may possibly have the effect of defeating their ends in view. The committee, like most other conservative and self-constituted bodies, must be approached with great tact and diplomacy; indeed, we can imagine few more difficult undertakings than that which the bookmakers have in hand, though there are doubtless many among them fully capable of managing so delicate a mission. Of one thing they may be assured, and that is of the concurrence of public opinion in their favour; but this is, after all, but an unsubstantial aid, seeing that this same public cannot be represented in person, on paper, or by any means capable of denoting its importance. Under present conditions layers and backers find equal cause for complaint, even with the best intentions on both sides; and here again we would point out the necessity of a speedy settlement of disputes, as cutting the ground from under the feet of those who hope, by delay, to postpone and finally to shirk their liabilities. We would accommodate such-like with no sort of foundation for excuses, and the only means of inducing prompt settlements is to give these slippery folk no time for consideration, such as they enjoy and take advantage of under the present highly unsatisfactory régime.

The adjourned meeting subsequently held at Newmarket was so far satisfactory as showing the accord existing between members of the London clubs and the Rooms at headquarters; and there can be little doubt the memorial will be both largely and influentially supported, and all diligence exerted so to bring it before the Committee of Tattersall's as to ensure the appreciation and attention due to its importance at the hands of the Turf tribunal as at present constituted. What their answer may be we cannot at present conjecture, but that the memorial will immediately become the subject of grave and anxious deliberation there can be little doubt, looking at the vast importance of interests involved, and at the number and standing of its probable supporters. At the same time we cannot but question the wisdom of a hint thrown out during the first meeting in London, viz., that certain of the betting fraternity should be admitted to the fellowship of the present "ten," and thus obtain an equal share with them in the hearing of disputes which it is the business of the Committee to bring to a settlement. We much doubt the policy of this suggestion, as being likely to embarrass proceedings and to prejudice the chance of the memorial's success with those to whom it has been addressed. It does not seem to us to accord with the eternal fitness of things that the Ring should have as large a voice, if any, in the adjustments of differences so closely affecting their interests, and we say this without the slightest intention of reflecting on their fair dealing and integrity as a body; but it will readily be understood that any increase in the members of Tattersall's Committee would be better made from the ranks of those who might be expected, as a rule, to regard cases brought before them individually in many aspects instead of consulting united interests.

## RIVER AND DOWN;

OR,

## THE ROMANCE OF A DOCTOR'S LIFE.

IN SIX SCENES.

By W. W. FENN, Author of "Half-hours of a Blind Man's Holiday."

## SCENE I.

"HELP! HELP! you there in the barge,—help, I say—lend a hand here, will you, and be quick!"

A loud shout in answer.

"Hold on, sir, I bee's coming; let your boat drift into them reeds, and I'll come round to the bank."

A pause—the tramp of heavy feet running upon turf, then crashing down broken ground, and through reeds and rushes. Some splashing, and the sound which the oars and gear of boats make when being pushed off from the water's edge. Many confused ejaculations—quick-given directions, inquiries and answers, but for a while inaudible. Presently, quite plainly:

"She is not dead, I tell you. I'm sure she's not; help me to lift her on to the grass—so! Now pull up one of those hurdles, and we'll carry her up to that little inn I saw a quarter of a mile back on the river."

"I reckon it bean't of much use, sir; poor young creetur', we bee's too late. Look! her eyes bee's tight shut! there bean't no life left in her!"

"Yes, there is, I say. I repeat she's not dead. Look sharp, and we'll save her yet. I'm a doctor, and I know what to do, if we can only get her up to the inn in time."

Jarring words these! in the midst of the sweet stillness of an autumn afternoon, breaking in harshly upon the ear, hitherto turned only to the mellow sounds of cawing rooks, lowing kine, and the merry robin's note. Distressing to the sight, too, are the events which give cause for the excited talk and rapid action. The eye, till now resting upon soft hills, golden leafage, and sparkling river, shrinks as it lights upon the movements of the two speakers.

They are carrying on a hurdle the motionless body of a young girl, whose dripping garments, long fair hair, tangled and interwoven with the upper portion of her black dress, pallid face, and closed eyes show plainly that she has just been dragged out of the river. The meadows across which they are hurrying stretch away for miles, smooth and level, along a winding valley, between lofty rolling downs and hanging woods. Here the spurs of a big hill slope to the plain in smooth, turfy knolls, or in sweeps of park-like timber; there terminate abruptly in a steep chalk cliff, often crowned with a thick copse, close to the river's edge. Tall trees cluster close in masses in the sheltered corners, or straggle out in irregular files on to the exposed flats. Willow and ash intermingle in the damper places and by the side of reedy dykes; stunted hedgerows, posts and rails, and large white gates dot the fields in isolated groups. Thicker masses of wood again rise around the farmsteads, the grey church towers, and thatched roofs of the villages, which at short distances deck the banks of the winding stream. It is a deep, tidal current on which at times float a lumbering lime barge or two, whose sails rear up mysteriously among the foliage, looking, at a distance, in misty weather, and when the hull is lost in the windings of the stream, like giant ghosts moving across the landscape. There is a little harbour, with a marine frontage of watering-place houses, built upon a barren, sandy shore, down where the sea receives the river, but five miles short of this it winds round the foot and rushes through the bridge of a quiet market town, the steep street of which is dominated by a battlemented castle with a ruined keep, standing proudly in a setting of sylvan park. Thence upwards for many a mile all is meadow, wood, and down, and where the men with their stricken burden are just now coming out on to a white winding road there rises close above their heads one of the high chalk cliffs, which, as has been said, peep out from down or hanging woods at intervals on either side of the valley.

The foremost man, a worker in the lime-pits, judging from his whitened garments, looking up at the mass of chalk, says, with a jerk of his head towards it—

"A similar place to that, was it, do ye say, sir, only agin the river?"

"Yes, yes; but never mind that. For God's sake, step out! don't talk now," answers the second, the rearmost bearer of the hurdle.

He is a young man, tall and broad-shouldered, and dressed in boating flannels and cap. There is a look of deep anxiety on his face, and an urgent manner about him, which the occasion naturally warrants, but beneath these there evidently lies a quiet gravity which is habitual.

"Is the inn much farther?" he asks impatiently, when they have traversed some twenty yards of the dusty road, and have left a trail upon it of wet footprints and dripping splashes.

"No, sir; just round the next bend, and we are there."

They push on in silence, till the turn in the road brings them within sight of the blue smoke wreathing up from the chimneys of the inn through the tall elms, in the midst of which it nestles.



As they approach, the overshadowing trees throw a gloom around their hurrying figures, which harmonises only too well with the nature of their errand; and as the now rapidly failing light in the sky diminishes, and they come to a yet denser mass of trees, it seems as if they were plunging into a night as dark as that which rests on the closed eyes of the motionless form upon the hurdle.

## SCENE II.

"SHE will do now, landlord, and I will leave her to your wife for a time; come downstairs with me, I must write a prescription, and you must get somebody to ride into the town and get it made up post haste. Let the messenger make inquiries, and tell the police what has happened, but he must not stay a moment after the medicine is ready."

This, as the doctor comes out of the little bedroom of the inn on the landing where the landlord has been waiting to know the result of the restoratives which have just been used.

When the messenger has been dispatched, and the two are alone in the bar parlour, the landlord says—

"This 'ere's a mysterious occurrence, sir, and I don't to this moment understand the rights of it. The man from the barge, as helped you to bring the lady along, said he see'd nothing of it till he was attracted by your cries, and then the first thing he see'd was you in your canoe, paddling to the shore with one hand, and trying to keep the lady up alongside of you with the other. D'ye mind telling me how it was?"

"Oh! it's very simple, what I know of it," is the answer, "but at present who she is, and how she came to be in the perilous place where I first saw her, I know no more than you. Your wife could find nothing in her pockets to give us a clue. When she has recovered somewhat, and can speak without fatigue, I dare say she will be able to explain. Our first duty clearly was to try and restore her to consciousness, and not to bother ourselves with other matters; in this world one thing at a time is my maxim."

"Right, sir; then you think as she'll recover?"

"Oh! surely; she was breathing quite freely before I left the bedside. It's only a question of a little time. These cases of recovery from drowning are very curious, and you must never give up your efforts to restore animation under at least an hour; many a life has been lost for the simple want of perseverance in the application of heat and friction. I have seen two or three similar cases, and that is why I had hope. If I had listened to your good wife and her maid, I should have desisted after the first twenty minutes; as it is it was more than an hour before the poor girl drew a free breath."

Here the doctor is interrupted by the entrance of the maid-servant.

"Please, sir, missus says I was to tell you as the lady was beginning to talk and ramble like; and would you go up, sir, please, for she won't open her eyes, and missus is getting frightened."

"Ah!" breaks in the landlord, "I'm not surprised; I had an idea from the first that she might be out of her mind, poor thing; kind o' cranky, ye know, and had tried to drown'd herself."

But his last words were lost on the doctor, who had instantly obeyed the summons upstairs, so that the landlord had still longer to wait before his curiosity as to how and where the young doctor had found and rescued the lady was gratified.

This road and river side inn (for road and river here all but touched) lay but a couple of miles up the valley from the market town, so that the swift-trotting pony that had carried the stable-boy on his quest for the medicine soon brought him back, and not long after him the chief of the constabulary appeared in obedience to the doctor's request.

Thus the little bar and tap-room were in an unusual stir for this late hour of the October evening. Frequent generally in the summer months by boating and pleasure parties coming up from the watering-place at the river's mouth, the inn had but little commerce now, save with the farm labourers of the immediate neighbourhood and the barge-men engaged in the lime trade, one of whom had been of such material assistance in the late emergency. He was sitting, recounting his share in it to the few listeners assembled at the long table, when the inspector of police entered. He overheard part of the man's account, but his dignity forbade his paying much attention to this. He must speak to the doctor—the gentleman that had sent for him, and who, as far as he could make out, had pulled the young woman out of the water.

"Well, he'll be down directly," said the landlord; "I've sent to tell him you are here, and p'raps then we shall be able to get at the rights of it. For my part, it seems a curious affair at present. Yes—and here he is, coming now; he's as pleasant-spoken a young man as ever I come across, only so terrible hasty for to save her life as we hav'nt had time to get nothin' out of him yet."

The doctor enters, and the little company of village folk rise, for there is a quiet, self-contained, yet gentle air about him which inspires respect.

"See here, Mr. Constable," he says; "I thought it better to send for you, in case the young lady might not recover, but I am happy to say all fear of that is over. Still, I am glad you have come, for you'll have to bestir yourself yet, and quickly. The facts of the case are very simple. I am staying at Littleport for a holiday, and have been paddling my canoe up and down your river for the last week. This afternoon, just before sunset, I was going up with the tide, had passed this inn about five minutes I suppose, and was looking idly up at that tall bluff of chalk cliff with the wood at the top of it, which overhangs the river about a quarter of a mile above here—"

"Ay, ay—Gay's Pit," broke in one or two voices in a half whisper.

"When I thought I saw the trees and underwood moving to and fro, as if something were passing through them. Now, as there was not a breath of wind stirring, and as the movement was greater than any bird or animal would cause, I could not make it out. Whilst I was speculating and wondering, and as the tide was drifting me nearer and nearer, to my horror and surprise I heard a scream, and suddenly saw the figure of a woman come scrambling madly through the bushes on the slope, towards the edge of the sheer-down cliff. My blood ran cold at the sight. I shouted involuntarily to her, but she paid no heed, and coming on and on like a mad, hunted thing to the cliff edge, in another second lost her footing, and fell from that awful height straight into the river."

"I saw her figure drop like a stone down the face of the chalk, and heard the splash. I paddled on at top speed, and turned the next bend of the river, which brought me within view of the base of the cliff just in time to see her body floating up with the tide, fifty yards or so a-head of me. I went a-head then, and was not long before I had shortened those fifty yards to ten. Her dress had hitherto kept her afloat, but now, when I was only a couple of boats' lengths from her, she sank; but I was ready for her the moment she rose again, and, putting on a tremendous spurt, came up with her and got tight hold. The tide was slackening then, but it had brought us near to the barge by the side of a lime pit, where this man was at work. I hailed him, and by his help we managed to get the poor girl here, and, under Heaven, to save her life. It was touch and go,

though, I can tell you; and now the question is, 'Who is she?' and 'Where did she come from?' She is too exhausted yet to speak much, doesn't realise what has happened, and I am bound to keep her as quiet as possible. Meantime, see here," went on the doctor, giving the constable a paper; "I have written there a description of her dress and appearance, &c., and you had better set your machinery at work to find out whether such a lady has been seen in the neighbourhood, or going into the park this afternoon, for I believe those woods above Gay's Pit, as you call it, are within the park boundary, are they not?"

"Ay, ay, sir," is the answer from many voices; "they runs right away on to the downs for miles;" and the country-folk relapse into cogitations with much wandering and fingering of caps.

The doctor, his narrative finished, and after making some inquiries about the canoe, which has been brought to the landing-place of the inn, again returns to his patient, expressing his intention of sleeping at the inn that night. The constable starts off for the town, impressed more than ever with a sense of his own importance.

A cosy little inn sleeping-room, with dimity curtains to the bed and windows, the perfection of cleanliness and homely comfort; a comely landlady, with the kindest eye and prettiest mouth in the world; a neat brisk, servant maid, and the doctor, grouped round the quiet form of their charge upon the bed.

"Sleeping," whispers the landlady.

"Right," answers the doctor, and they sit down.

Half an hour of silence, then a movement of the patient's hands, which are scratched and torn above the wrists; they are passed slowly over the still closed eyes, then both arms are nervously stretched out, with the action of feeling for something, and she raises herself into a sitting posture.

"Where am I? Ah! I remember, Gerald! on the grass. How can I get help for him? We are miles away upon the downs. I must go!"

The doctor takes one of the extended hands. "Don't alarm yourself," he says; "we can send anywhere you wish, and you can lie still: open your eyes—look, you are among friends."

The hand nervously tightened round the doctor's, and the sweet, quiet face, also sadly bruised and torn, turns towards his. Tears begin to trickle from beneath the drooping lids; his expression suddenly changes to one of infinite pity and anxiety.

"Open my eyes!" she says, "I cannot; don't you see that I am blind?"

A low sad murmur breaks out simultaneously from the three watchers, and they exchange looks with each other.

"This accounts for it," mutters the doctor to himself.

"Have you found Gerald?" here earnestly breaks in the young girl. "Have you been to seek him? I could guide you, out far upon the downs. We went into the park by the North Lodge. Oh! what has happened? Have I been asleep? Why, I lost myself in the woods, going for help. I tore my hands going through them; I could not get out, and then— But what has happened?"

The doctor calms his patient by degrees, takes her hand, sits down, and very quietly goes on to tell her what he knows. He has great difficulty in tranquillising her, and she constantly breaks in with cries for Gerald; but when he is on the point of telling her how she fell she again interrupts him, now with great vehemence—

"Ah! I understand it all now. But pray listen to me, for no time must be lost; what o'clock is it?"

"Nearly ten at night," is the answer.

"And he! out there, perhaps, still!" she goes on. "Oh, listen! We came over from Littleport in the afternoon, my brother and I; we went to walk in the park—we had frequently done so when he was able to come down from London. We got out upon the downs,—he liked to get away from the road; and when we were far out upon them, and an hour or more after we had passed the Lodge, he suddenly stopped, as if he were watching something (I know, by instinct, what people are doing very often), and I said—

"What are you looking at?"

"Very odd," he answered, 'but I could have sworn I saw someone dodging behind the trees on the skirts of this copse, not a hundred paces off—dodging about as if watching us and not wishing to be seen.'

"What sort of person?" I said.

"Oh, a rough-looking man,—but it was the merest glimpse. Nobody comes out here but a gamekeeper or two at this time of year, and they would not mind showing themselves; this fellow was trying to hide. Well, let him hide and be hanged. Come along, Mercy."

"Then we wandered away for a long distance, but always keeping near the skirts of the wood, because it was sunny there and warm, so that after awhile we sat down on a bit of broken bank and went on talking about all sorts of things as is our way, for we love each other dearly. Presently he rose from my side, saying—

"I declare there's a bit of bramble blossom still out; I will gather it for you."

"I heard his footsteps cross the turf. I heard the dry leaves and bracken cracking under them; then a sudden increase of the sound, as if he were striding through the bushes, and still more noise of the same kind, followed by a stifled sob or gasp, and then all was silent for several minutes. I was just going to call out, when I heard again the same sound of crashing footsteps, but now towards the wood, as if they were hurrying away. After another minute I felt certain of this, as they grew more distant. Then I called out, 'Gerald! where are you going?' but there was no answer. I was frightened and called again, for I still heard the retreating steps."

"I listened: the noise grew fainter, and then I lost it altogether? I could not think what it meant. I started forward in the direction I knew Gerald had taken, and came suddenly against the blackberry bushes, where doubtless he had seen the blossom. I felt my way round them as far as I could, for I am able often to find my way about much more than you would think, and I knew I was getting to the other side of the clump—a clump of furze and fern, you know, amongst which, blackberry bushes often grow. I called and implored him to answer, and not to frighten me by tricks—not that he would have thought of doing so—still there was no answer, only the echo of my own voice. I got into an agony of fear, rushed forward, and fell headlong over something on the ground. I turned to feel what it was. Oh! only think," here cried the poor girl, throwing her hands up and burying her head between them. "I found it was Gerald's body, quite motionless! I passed my hand over his face, and touched something stuffed tight into his mouth—across—between the lips, you understand! A sort of gag; it was hard, yet moveable, as if made of leather. I tried to get it away, but it was fastened behind. Lifting his head on to my knee I untied it, still he did not speak or revive. I touched his eyes; they were almost starting from his head; I felt for his hands, and discovered that his arms were fastened behind—strapped by the elbows. I screamed for help, but none came. I threw myself upon the ground in despair, when my hand touched Gerald's handkerchief. I took it up, and it smelt like apples; I put it to my face, and it nearly stifled me. I rose to my feet and screamed again and again for help, but none

came; how should it, for we were in the most lonely part of the park!

"I don't know how long I stayed with him. Had I not been mad with terror, I could have found my way back to the lodge to get assistance. I tried to collect myself; I knew evening was coming on, and that I must do something. I thought he was dead, for he never moved or breathed that I could hear! I stood up, and again tried to think, and quite realised my terrible situation. If I left him by ever so many paces I might never get back to him again, and yet I felt I must go. What was I to do? and, in my wild agony, I set off and ran, calling out as loud as I could. Two or three times I tripped and fell, and presently I found myself amongst trees, tearing myself with the branches. I was utterly bewildered, and I must have half fainted, for I remember I was holding fast on to the stem of a tree for a long while. I don't know what else happened. I got amongst some bushes, and then—I fell."

The poor girl sank back exhausted, but only for a moment, for she again began urging those standing by to send help to Gerald, saying she knew she could lead them to the place now; but the agony of mind which ensued as she recalled all she had gone through was too much for her, and she passed once more into a state of unconsciousness.

A quarter of an hour later, having dispatched messengers to the town and to the North Lodge, the doctor, with some half dozen farza labourers, headed by the landlord, was threading his way by the aid of stable-lanterns and a flaming torch of pine-wood, up a narrow lane leading from the rear of the inn on to the downs.

(To be continued).

## THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE.

To give the town in which Shakespeare was born a small theatre, at which his immortal works may be occasionally performed, a library of dramatic literature, and a gallery of dramatic statuary and pictures; maintain, if possible, a school for the advancement of dramatic art, establish lectures on the drama, give prizes for essays upon it, and organise a fund for the relief of deserving players reduced to poverty by age or sickness, does not appear to embody any very heinous offence against society in general or journalists in particular. Nor if you add to these the annual celebration of Shakespeare's birthday in his native town, can I—for my part—perceive any just occasion for an outburst of indignant scorn and reproaches. Yet abuse and insult of a very virulent description have been heaped by certain journalists upon the generous originators and supporters of a scheme for carrying out by the aid of public subscription precisely these worthy and honourable aims.

We extract and condense from the *Daily News* of Tuesday last, the following more impartial and fairly appreciative comments:—

"An acrimonious critic is said to have lately called the Shakspeare Tercentenary in 1864 'a ghastly failure.' The people of Stratford-on-Avon recollect it as a brilliant success, and their present undertaking was apparently suggested by their enthusiasm of fifteen years ago. They determined to have a Shakspeare Memorial, in addition to the consecrated scenes of the poet's birth, and the house (New Place) where he passed the evening of his life. Now it is pretty plain that a mere statue of Shakspeare is not a sufficient memorial. Our statues, as a rule, are indeed 'ghastly failures.' There is such an effigy of Shakspeare in Park Lane, for example, and in Leicester-square as no people can think adequate. We cannot too heartily congratulate the people of Stratford-on-Avon on having escaped a big monument to Shakspeare, like the Scott monument in Edinburgh. A theatre gives far more pleasure (for statues soon pall), and is much more appropriate. Stratford used to possess a theatre, 'a shabby and inconvenient theatre.' This place of amusement was purchased and pulled down by Mr. J. O. Halliwell Phillips 'for the purpose of restoring the site to New Place and completing the gardens.' The old house existed from 1827 to 1872, and many well-graced actors appeared on its stage. The building was also used for concerts and lectures, and in fact was such a generally useful place as an intelligent town requires. It was the idea of Mr. Flower, the donor of the new site, to make the theatre which is to be opened to-morrow 'a perfect little gem inside and out.' There has been no thought of erecting a vast dramatic hall of Eblis, where indifferent companies are to play to empty houses all through the year. The house is to hold about 700 persons. . . . The theatre is on the ground floor, above are the library and the picture gallery. About this latter part of the edifice, and about its purpose, it is safe to be enthusiastic. Few things add to the historical dignity of the Comédie Française than its Museum. In the theatre are collected the heirlooms of French dramatic art. There are contemporary portraits of the famous actors and authors of old time. There the beautiful Baron, the pupil, and, in a double sense, the rival of Molière, smiles from the canvas in well-preserved old age. There are Regnard and La Champmeslé, Lekain and Scaramouche, La Grange and Racine, poets, players, and buffoons, the renowned beauties, wits, and oddities of two brilliant centuries. There are the minor curiosities—the chair in which Molière sat when his fatal convulsions came upon him; there is the bell that tolled for the Bartholomew massacre, and that rings still in M. T. Chénier's *Charles IX.* There are the early texts of the great comedies and tragedies, the volumes printed by Ribou and Quinet. We have no such museum because we have no such subsidised national theatre. Stratford-on-Avon, however, is already a Shakspeare museum that draws visitors from the whole civilized world. The new library and gallery will add to the attractions of the town. There portraits of the best actors in Shakspearian parts, there etchings, engravings, drawings, illustrative of Shakspeare, will find their appropriate home. There will be room in the library for all that is worth collecting in the vast and daily increasing Shakspearian literature. It is fitting that reverent worshippers of that universal genius should study him in the town which he loved so well, and where he so wisely chose to end his life, among the only satisfying pleasures which men enjoy. Homer was called by a late Greek poet 'the second sun of the life of Hellas,' the light in which that old existence is still bright and young. Shakspeare deserves a larger tribute, being indeed the sun of all imagination, his genius lighting up and giving colour to the whole world of human fortunes. On his native town, on his familiar fields, and the wild flowers of a Warwickshire April that light seems to shine with extraordinary mildness. To have witnessed the new honour done him by his townsmen may well be a thing that spectators will gladly remember."

THE HORSE.—How to MAKE THRIVE.—"All sorts of evils," said Dr. Abernethy, "come out of the stomach; bad eyes, blotched noses, and gouty toes." So we say of the numerous ills that overtake the horse, the stomach is at fault; but bring the horse under the influence of these soothing, renovating, and strengthening medicaments, DAY, SOX, & HEWITT'S "Red Paste Balls," or "Red Condition Powders," in ill-condition, husky cough, sore eyes, loss of appetite, staring coat, swollen legs and joints or whatever else the ailment, it must vanish, and give place to sound digestion, firm muscle, long-enduring powers, and high mettle. 22, Dorset-street, Baker-street, London, W. [ADVT.]





NOT QUITE A HUNTER.

*W. J. L.*





TAKING THE STAG.



SPORTING SKETCHES.

BEAR SHOOTING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

SOME years ago I found myself one of a party of three, standing outside the Lake Hotel at Nynee Tal, watching the preparations for a start on a two months' shooting expedition under the snows. My two companions were of exactly opposite natures,—the elder, Alfred Norcott, was an experienced shekaree (sportsman) but terribly lazy, and one of the most indefatigable smokers I ever saw: morning, noon and night he had a short black pipe in his teeth, and on more than one occasion had barely escaped being burnt, his bed having caught fire when he fell asleep and his pipe dropped out of his mouth. The younger of the two had no great experience of woodcraft, but made up for it by his extreme energy and keenness. Always wanting to be up and doing, he made our lives a burden for the few days we were preparing. At six o'clock in the morning Harry Furness (for that was his name) used to burst into our rooms with "Hi, Hi, Hi, time to get up and bathe, come, out you go, show a leg, we've heaps to do." Norcott slept next to me, and when I heard through the thin wall his supplication, "For mercy sake, Quicksilver," which was the nickname we gave Harry, "do go and bathe without knocking a fellow up; you are getting a perfect pest," I knew my turn was coming; and in another minute Harry was "interviewing" me. It was no use trying to get rid of him. If you put him off and said that you'd be "out in a moment" he would pace up and down the passage, bursting in every second to see how you were getting on. Even Norcott could never stand the siege long, and had to turn out with a growl, filling the place at the same time with baccy smoke. However, we were all sworn friends, and I do not think the whole time we were out that we had a single quarrel, which is something to be able to say, as every one who knows anything about it will confirm. On the morning in question, Norcott and Harry had been up to the bank to get some rupees, while I had undertaken to see things off. The advanced party, under the charge of my bearer, consisted of coolies carrying the tent, stores, and luggage. Our two shekarees (hunters), Norcott's bearer John (a Madrassese), my syce with "The Market Gardener," a small chestnut "tattoo" which I determined to take with us as far as I could, and last, but in his own estimation by no means least, "Nip," Harry's English terrier, a most amusing dog of the almost extinct tinker's breed, a faithful and true companion, and brave as a lion. I found him of the utmost use in urging the coolies on their wild career. "Fetch him up, good dog," was all that was necessary, and in a few moments the loiterer appeared, with Nip barking at his heels. Everything went ahead satisfactorily amidst the usual amount of vituperation and jabber; and after quaffing the parting cup, we shouldered our guns, giving our rifles to the two shekarees and John to carry, and set out to walk our first stage—thirteen miles. It is needless to recount the various adventures en route to the snows; how the tent once came down in the middle of the night and nearly smothered us all, or how I inadvertently took my seat for breakfast on the top of an ant-hill, with a result more amusing to others than myself. Suffice it that we arrived safe and sound at N—, just under the snows, one fine evening about 6 p.m., after a tiring climb of some six hours' duration. By this time we were all pretty well up to the dodges of camping, and everything was under weigh for dinner in a very short space. Our tent was pitched under a projecting rock, further protected by a pent roof of boughs, which we cut and built over it. I had just completed cooking our dinner with the aid of John, and had left him to "dish up," in order that I might help Harry to arrange the table, a process that consisted of spreading a towel or table-cloth on the ground and ranging some cases round to serve as chairs, when I heard the most infernal row, and on coming up to the tent, found Norcott on his back with our sole case of brandy rolling down the "kud" (precipice). He had arranged himself, as he thought, a comfortable seat, by propping the case against a tree, which tree overhung "the kud," and went into the tent for a moment to fill his everlasting pipe. Nip seeing the case, either thought it was meant for him to guard or considered it more comfortable than the bare ground, so promptly curled himself thereon. And Norcott, when he reappeared, as promptly seated himself on the top of the dog, who resented the insult by an *argumentum ad dentes*. Hence the disappearance of the brandy and the volley of abuse. At this moment Harry rushed out, and without saying a word, dashed down the hill after the brandy. "Well, you have done it," said I. "Done it be hanged," replied Norcott, "that infernal dog has made three parts of his supper off my leg. Give us a hand up." After helping him to a perpendicular position, I shouted to Harry to know what damage was done, and from the bottom of the valley came his reply, "one bottle saved, the rest all smashed." "No grog, for you Mr. Norcott," said I; "we shall have to send back for some more. It will never do to go on without any. This will keep us here a week." "Don't care," growled Norcott. "Shouldn't bring that beastly dog. If you are going to send back, get me some more baccy." It was no good crying over spilt milk, so we had to make the best of a bad job, and go to bed after dinner without our accustomed "tot." Next morning at 5 a.m. we made a start in quest of bear. That is to say, Harry and I went, Norcott preferring to stay in bed. After about a mile and a half's walking, partly on my feet, partly on my hands, and the remaining distance on my eyelids, I reached a small plateau of grass, and was just going to address my "shekaree," when he grasped me by the arm, and pointed vehemently over our heads. Looking up I saw a female bear with two cubs, feeding placidly, quite ignorant of our proximity. Now I had been repeatedly cautioned never to shoot at a bear above me, but in the excitement I quite forgot the warnings, and adjusting my sight to 150 yards, fired. I was somewhat unsteady from my walk, and consequently, although I hit her, my bullet took effect too far back. On being hit she rose up on her hind-legs, and caught one of her cubs a swinging box on the ear, which rolled it down the side of the hill like a ball, killing it instantly. She then caught sight of me, and in another moment charged straight down on us. To fire the other barrel was the work of a second, but to my consternation, the shell with which I was loaded burst about a foot over her back. Luckily my shekaree stood firm and handed me my second gun; with the first barrel I again missed her, but the second ball caught her straight between the eyes, and crashing into her brain, killed her dead about 10 yards off. I confess I was terribly excited, and as soon as the danger was over felt very queer. Poor "Lal Sing," my shekaree, was a sort of pea-green colour and trembling all over. However, he stuck to me like a man and probably saved my life, for if he had not handed me my second gun, the brute must have been on top of me and we should have both gone down the "kud." As soon as I had pulled myself together a bit, we marked the spot where the she bear lay, and then proceeded to try and catch the cub, who was running about endeavouring to find its mother. After a tremendous lot of trouble we managed to collar the little beggar, who bit and swore like a trooper, and tying its legs together swung it over a stick, and so brought it back to camp with us. It soon made friends with Nip, and was for a long time afterwards the pet of Harry's regiment, until it got so big

and cheeky that it was voted dangerous. The mother's skin I still have, and when I look at it I often think I had a narrow squeak for my life in getting it. When I got back to camp I found Norcott making breakfast; he had shot a jungle cock, and was in the thick of plucking it. Shortly afterwards Harry arrived with an empty bag, having missed a "ghorral" (sort of antelope) badly, he informed us. He was immensely pleased with the cub, which, being his birthday, I gave him.

The remainder of the day we devoted to cleaning up, writing, and taking stock. To my surprise I found our provisions were running very short, so much so, that we held a council of war, and decided to send another coolie back to replenish. It was all right so long as we could shoot meat, but if it came on wet, or we failed to "hold straight," it might be just a trifle nasty. A few days afterwards we all three went out together, to see if we could do anything, and some terrible bad ground we had to go over. Norcott lost his nerve, and in one place which we had to swing across by a bush, with a sheer drop of 1,000 feet below, we were forced to tie him with a rope for fear of his letting go his hold. As Harry said, "It's all that poisonous baccy he smokes that makes him so bad." Presently, as we were going over the crest of a hill, in grass up to our waists, up jumped a thing that looked to me like a donkey, but which Norcott called a "seraow deer;" however, two barrels from each of us had no more effect than if we had whistled. I ran forward to get another crack at it, but, deceived by the long grass, got over the brow, and in another moment I was flying down the side of the hill after the fashion of a toboggan, with the exception, that I had no board between myself and mother earth whereupon I might sit. Half way down I was brought up by a friendly bush, and the only damage I suffered besides a few bruises was the loss of the seat of my trousers, a deficiency I was forced to supply by sewing in a white towel, which though it answered the purpose, did not enhance the beauty of the suit, and earned for me the nickname of "the perambulating target."

Needless to say we did not bag the "seraow," and returned home without any venison. We were gradually being reduced to the Irishman's dinner of "herring and point," for our stores had dwindled down to one box of red herrings, two tins of "Moir's" soups, some rice, sugar, and tea, and to make matters worse it threatened for rain. Still we kept our spirits up, for Harry said "he was bound to shoot something soon," and Norcott did not care so long as the baccy held out; besides Nip could be utilised as a *dernier resort*, I suggested, though the proposal was scouted unanimously.

The following day we witnessed a most extraordinary incident. While we were sitting at tiffin (such as it was) all the servants came running in pointing to the cliff above and shouting "Bharloo, bharloo, Sahib" (bear, bear, sir). Looking up, sure enough we espied three, two males and one female; the two males were fighting like Kilkenny cats, and in the middle of a "round" they got too near to the edge and both came head over heels into the jungle below, about 100 yards off us. Snatching up our rifles we rushed in where they fell, and found one lying stone dead, while the other, with a broken forearm, was tearing everything that was near him to pieces. A ball from Harry's rifle finished him, just as Nip, who had followed us, pinned Mr. Bruin by the nose; thus in 10 minutes we had bagged two fine bears and witnessed an episode that might occur once in a life-time, if that. I cannot say that the bears' paws or hams were much of a dish, but as our stores did not come in for another five days and the rain came down in torrents half the time, they kept us going. Of course, the day the coolies arrived, and it was not of such vital importance, we each shot something, which gave us almost more venison than we knew what to do with. However, we had a tremendous blow out, and after dinner drank the health of ourselves and absent friends in the new case of brandy. The next day we pushed on and left our "bear ground" for a future occasion—one that I am sorry to say, as far as I am concerned, has never turned up.

BAGATELLE.

REVIEW OF NEW MUSIC.

NOVELLO, EWER AND Co., 1, Berners-street, W.—"Sleigh song and chorus," price 4d., written by Captain Atcherley, composed by C. S. Catty. This is a very pretty part song, with solos for bass and soprano. The harmonies, though simple, are effective, and the accompaniments are characteristic and well-written.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND Co., 84, New Bond-street.—"Magdalen at Michael's Gate," price 3s., words by H. Kingsley, music by A. J. Wabey. The composer has set Mr. Henry Kingsley's lines to a melody of the simplest kind, yet impressed with sympathetic feeling.

WRIGHTMAN AND SON, Edinburgh.—"Queen Dagmar's Cross," price 4s., words by H. Savile Clarke, music by Allan Macbeth. The story of the "good Queen Dagmar," whose name has long been held in reverence by the Danes, is charmingly told in Mr. H. Savile Clarke's poetical and unaffectedly pathetic verses, and the composer has caught the spirit of the theme, which he has adorned with an effective melody and well-written accompaniments.

PATERSON AND SONS, Edinburgh.—"So sing the birds," price 3s., words by H. B. Baildon, music by J. Kinross. In his endeavours to reach the sublime, the author of the lines before us has approached the ridiculous. The following quatrain will illustrate the ambition that overleaps its saddle and falls on the other side. Love is represented as saying,—

In hues eternal now I paint  
Her image on his heart and brain.  
So chapels hold one windowed saint,  
Though they should never meet again.

The pronoun "they" in the last line can only refer to the chapels and the saint, which is not the idea which the verse writer wished to convey. The composer has emulated the style of his collaborator, and his music is full of inharmonic changes, which seem to show his technical knowledge, but do little to atone for the poverty of his melody.—"The Nineteenth Century Quadrille," price 4s., by Otto Steinbach. These quadrilles may prove serviceable in the ball-room, but their musical merit is infinitesimal.

RIVIERE & HAWKES, 28, Leicester-square.—"Honour to the Brave!" price 4s., is a grand march, dedicated to the heroes of Rorke's Drift, Majors Bromhead and Chard, whose portraits adorn an illustrated title-page, executed in Messrs. Stannard's best manner. The composer, M. Riviere, has written bright and original melodies, well arranged for the pianoforte, and the trio with which the march concludes is furnished with two appropriate stanzas written by Mr. Henry Hersee. This march will be one of the prominent features in M. Riviere's next season of Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, and is so melodious and characteristic that it can hardly fail to become popular.

"GOLDEN STAR" BAY LEAF WATER, Triple Distilled. Delightfully fragrant and refreshing. The most delicious of all the Toilet Waters. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers. Depot, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[ADVT.]

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. J. P. (Brighton).—Thanks for your communication. As several mis-statements respecting the "Westminster Papers" have been printed, we intend shortly to publish a full and true account of the origin, management, and temporary discontinuance of "The Papers."  
D. R.—Obviously the Queen in our problem last week must be a White Q.  
G. Howison.—If R to R 4 (ch), Black takes Kt, and there is no mate next move.  
RUSTICUS.—Your suggestion shall be considered. Thanks for note.

Solutions of Problem No. 225, by D.L.A. (Harrogate), T. Robertson-Aikman, Juvenis, and J. G., are correct.

T. R. A.—Your solution of Mr. Thursby's problem was quite correct. You will please to bear in mind that letters arriving after Monday cannot be answered until the following week.

Solution of Problem No. 222 (an end-game)—

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to K 5 (ch)	K to B 4
2. Q to Q 6 (ch)	K to B 5
3. Q to B 6 (ch)	K to Kt 5 (a)
4. Q takes F (ch)	K to R 5
5. Q to R 6 (ch)	K to Kt 5
6. Q to R 3 (ch) and wins the Queen.	

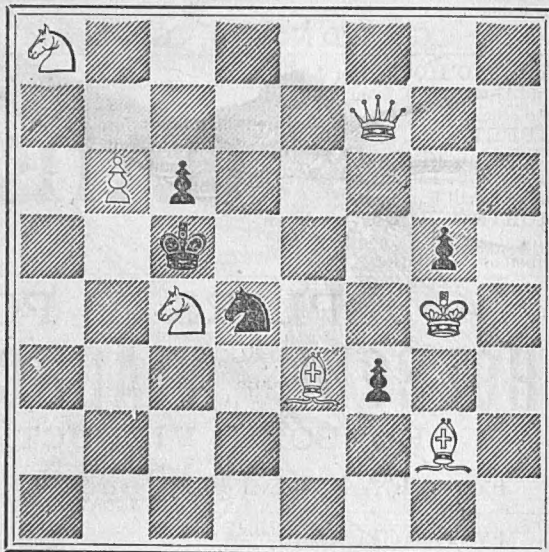
(a) if K to K 6

3. ....

4. Q to B 2 (mate).

PROBLEM No. 227.

(From the Lowenthal Problem Tourney—Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock).  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in three moves.

The following was the last game played between Szn and Anderssen, in the London Tournament of 1851:—

[Sicilian Opening.]

WHITE. (Szn.)	BLACK. (Anderssen.)	WHITE. (Szn.)	BLACK. (Anderssen.)
1. P to K 4	P to Q 4	16. K to B 2 (e)	Q to Q 2
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3 (a)	17. P to K R 4	Q to B 3
3. P to Q 4	P takes P	18. B to K 2 (f)	K R to Q sq
4. Kt takes P	P to K 3	19. Q to B 2 (g)	P to Q 5
5. B to K 3	Kt to B 3	20. P takes P	P takes P
6. B to Q 3	B to K 2	21. Kt takes P	Q to K 7 (ch)
7. Castles	Castles	22. K to K sq	B to Kt 5 (ch)
8. P to Q B 3	P to Q 4	23. B to Q 2	R takes Kt
9. Kt takes Q Kt (b)	P takes Kt	24. B takes B	R takes B
10. P to K 5	Kt to K sq (c)	25. Q takes Kt	Q to K 5
11. P to K B 4	P to K B 4	26. R to B 2	R to K 8 (ch)
12. Kt to Q 2	Kt to B 2	27. R to B sq	Q to Kt 6 (ch)
13. P to K Kt 4 (d)	P to Kt 3	28. K to Q sq (h)	R takes B
14. P to Kt 5	P to B 4	29. K takes R	B to R 3 (ch)
15. Kt to B 3	B to Kt 2	30. K to Q 2	Q to Q 6 (ch) (i)

(a) P to K 3 before playing out the Q Kt is now considered best, because it avoids the dangerous attack obtained by Kt to Kt 5.

(b) P takes P was his proper course; the Knights cannot be exchanged in this position without disadvantage to White.

(c) Kt to Q 2 seems better, so as to play B to B 4 if White plays immediately P to K B 4.

(d) A vigorous and perfectly safe move.

(e) The correct line of play; White has now a splendid game.

(f) R to K Kt sq was absolutely necessary at this point.

(g) A fatal mistake. R to Q B sq would have enabled him to delay, if not repel, the threatened assault.

(h) Had he interposed the Rook, Black could have won easily by R takes B (ch), followed by B to R 3 (ch).

(i) Full of vigour and beauty on Anderssen's part is the whole of this end-game.

CHESS IN LONDON.

An amusing trifle produced at Simpson's Divan a few days since:—  
[Remove White's K Kt.]

WHITE. (Mr. Macdonnell.)	BLACK. (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. B to B 4	Kt to K B 3
3. P to Q 4	Kt takes P
4. P takes P	Kt takes K B P
5. Castles	Kt takes Q

White mated in two moves.

An interesting gathering of the Savage Club took place on Saturday last at the Caledonian Hotel, on the Adelphi-terrace, where the club is newly located, when the members gave a dinner to one of their number, Mr. S. Luke Fildes, to commemorate his attainment of an Associateship in the Royal Academy. The chair was taken by Mr. Hubert Herkomer, and the very large number of members present, their enthusiasm, and the highly complimentary things neatly said of Mr. Fildes in the speech proposing his health, together with the ringing, hearty cheers with which it was received, must have convinced that gentleman of the high standing he enjoys in the estimation of his brother Savages. The after proceedings were of a most sociable and enjoyable character.

A VALUABLE HINT.—I read in a Paris paper a criticism on a young *débütante* which I should like to hurl at every actress on the English stage: "Elle répond sans avoir écouté." My countrywomen, who satisfy yourselves and your admirers so easily, you ought to pass under the critical inspection of the unimpassioned Parisian. You all answer without having listened, and the effect is exasperating. Try for once the experiment of disregarding the routinist who tells you to look at the audience; look at the actor who speaks to you; listen with your face, with your eyes, and I undertake that you will find ten emphatic and audible appreciators even in a London house.—ATLAS in *The World*.

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES.—LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in erythema and rheumatism. Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVT.]



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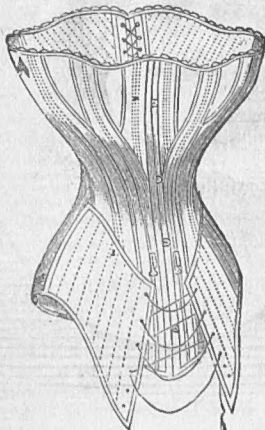
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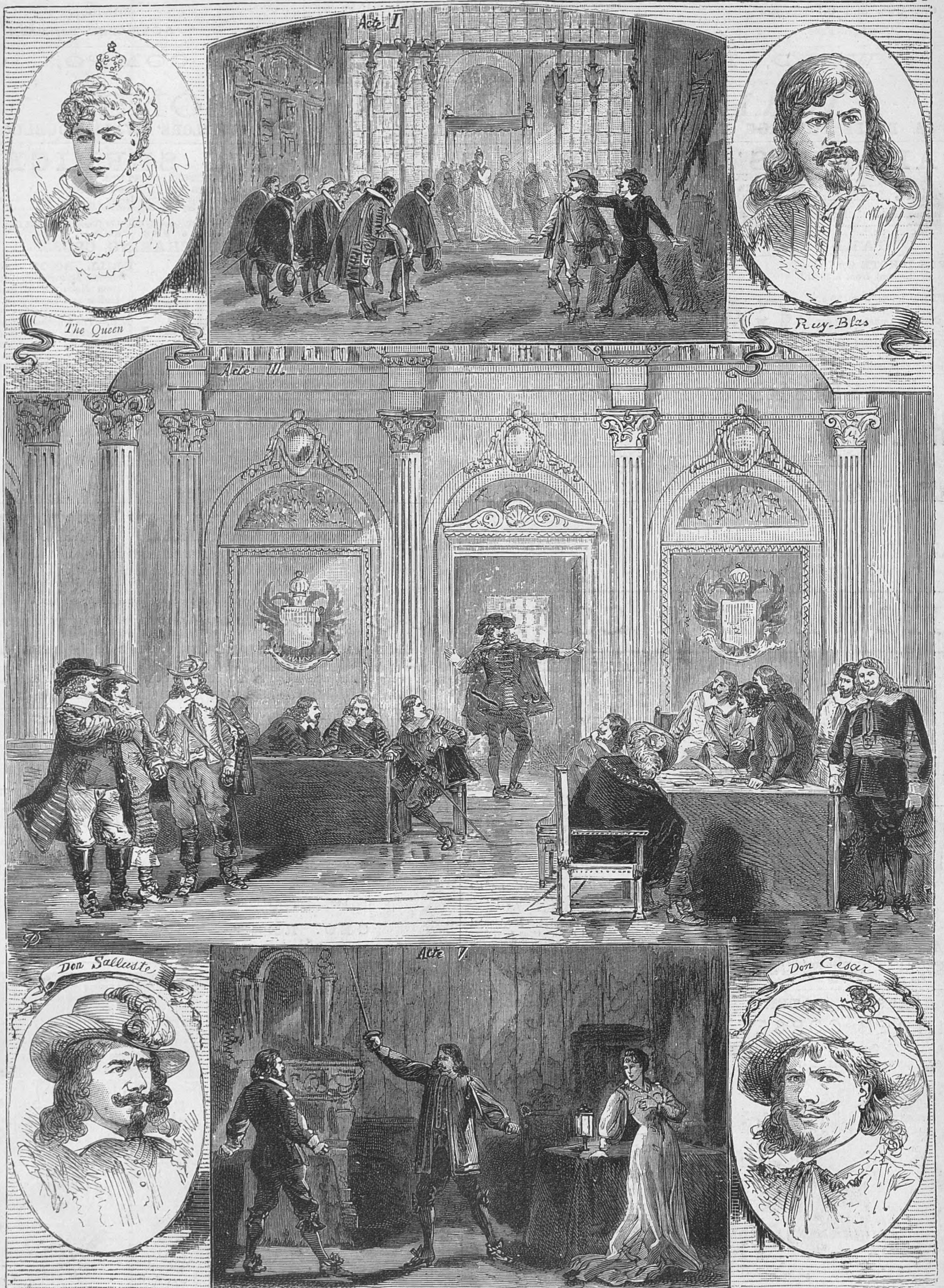
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